The Saturday Evening Post.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2555.

TO THE LITTLE GIRLS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

O little girls! your years are few,
Your lives are fresh and cheery;
You have not yet learned what it is
To be heart sore and weary.
You see the shores of Womanhood,
Toward which your barks are sailing,
And deem it is an Eden-land
Of pleasures never-failing.

Ah well! I would not break your dream,
I would not dim one vision;
But, O my children, do not think
The fields are *all* elysian.
Remember there are thorns sometimes
Among the brightest flowers,
And do not be in haste to bid
Farewell to Childhood's hours.

But while your little barks are yet
Afloat on Youth's calm river,
Go lift the heart and bend the knee
To God, the gracious Giver!
And if the wily serpent comes,
Oh! let him find you kneeling,
That he may turn in fear away,
God's wond'rous power revealing.

SCENE ON THE FROZEN SEA.

In this hot summer weather, let our readers look upon the above engraving of a vessel in the frozen sea around the North Pole, and perhaps they may derive a little comfort therefrom. Ice never looks so beautiful as in summer. And no doubt an expedition to the North Pole, undertaken in the summer, if summer would only last the whole year round for one year, would be rather pleasant than otherwise.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XI.

WHERE'S THE RING?

Apparently Dr. Rane found nothing in his conscience that could present an impediment, and the preparations for the wedding went quietly on. Secretly might almost be the better word. In their dread lest the news should reach Madam in her retreat over the water, and bring her back to stop it, those concerned deemed it well to say nothing; and no suspicion of what was afloat transpired to the world in general.

Bessy—upon whom, from her isolated position, having no lady about her, the arrangements fell—was desired to fix a day. She named the twenty-ninth of June; her birthday. After July should come in, there was no certainty about Madam's movements; she might come home, or she might not; and it was necessary that all should be over by that time, if it was to be gone through in peace. The details of the ceremony were to be of the simplest nature. Edmund North's recent death, and the other peculiar attendant circumstances, forbidding the usual gayety. The bridal party would go to church with as little ceremony as they went to service on Sundays, Bessy in a plain silk dress and a plain bonnet. Mr. North would give his daughter away, if he were well enough; if not, Richard. Ellen Adair was to be bridesmaid; Arthur Bohun had offered himself to Dr. Rane as best man. It might be very undutiful, but Arthur enjoyed the stealing a march on Madam as much as the best of them.

Mrs. Cumberland was no doubt satisfied on the score of the scruples she had raised, since she intended to countenance the wedding, and be at church. Dr. Rane and his wife would drive away from the church door to the railway station at Whitborough. The bridal tour was to last one week only: the doctor did not care to be away longer from his patients, and Bessy confessed that she would rather be at home, setting her house in order, than prolonging her stay at small roadside inns in Wales. But for the disconcerting fact of Madam's being in Paris, Dr. Rane would have liked to take Bessy across the Channel and give her her first glimpse of the French capital. Under Madam's unjust rule, poor Bessy had never gone anywhere: Matilda North had been taken half over the world.

The new household arrangements at Dr. Rane's were to be achieved during their week's absence: the articles of furniture (that Mr. North chose to consider belonged to Bessy) to be taken from the Hall; the new carpet, Mrs. Cumberland's present, to be laid down in the drawing-room; Molly Green to enter as helpmate to Phillis. Surely Madam would not grumble at *that!* Molly Green, going into a temper one day at some oppression of Madam's, had given warning on the spot. Bessy liked the girl: and there could be no harm in engaging her for her own housemaid.

One of those taken into the secret had been Mrs. Gass. Richard, who respected her greatly in spite of her queer grammar, and liked her too, unfolded the news. She received it in silence: a very rare thing for Mrs. Gass to do. Just as it had struck Richard in regard to Mrs. Cumberland, so it struck him now—that Mrs. Gass did not quite like the tidings.

"Well, I hope they'll be happy," she said at length, breaking the silence, "and I hope he deserves to be. I hope it with all my heart. Do you think he does, Mr. Richard?"

"Rane? Deserve to be happy? For all I see, he does. Why should he not?"

"*I* don't know," answered Mrs. Gass, searching Richard's face. "Oliver Rane is my late husband's nephew, but he's three parts a stranger to me, except as a doctor; for it's him attends here, you know, sir,—as is natural—and not Alexander. Is he truthful, Mr. Richard? Is he trustworthy?"

"He is, for anything I know to the contrary," replied Richard North, a little wondering at the turn the conversation was taking. "If I thought he were not, I should be very sorry to give Bessy to him."

"And let us hope that he is, Mr. Richard, and wish 'em joy with all our hearts!"

That a doubt was lying on Mrs. Gass's mind in regard to the scrap of paper found in her room was certain. Being a sensible woman, it could not be but that—when surrounding mists had cleared away—she should see that the only likely place for it to have dropped from, was Dr. Rane's pocket-book. Molly Green had been subjected to a cross-examination, very cleverly conducted, as Mrs. Gass thought, which left the matter exactly as it was before. But the girl's surprise was so genuine, at supposing any receipt for making plum-pudding (for that's how Mrs. Gass put it) could have been dropped by her, that Mrs. Gass's mind could but revert to the pocket-book. How far Oliver Rane was guilty, whether guilty at all, or not, she was quite unable to decide. A small haze of doubt remained on her mind, though she was glad enough to put it from her. One thing struck her as curious, if not suspicious—that from the hour she handed him over the paper to this, Dr. Rane had never once spoken of the subject. It almost seemed to Mrs. Gass that an innocent man would: though it had only been to say, I have found no clue to the writer of that paper.

And if a modicum of the same hazy doubt rose to Richard North during his interview with Mrs. Gass, it was due to her manner. But he was upright himself, unsuspicious as the day. The impression faded again: and he came away believing that Mrs. Gass, zealous for the Northe' honors, rather disapproved of the marriage for Bessy, on account of the doctor's poverty.

And so, there was no one to say a word of warning where it might have been effectual, and the day fixed for the wedding drew on. After all, the programme was not strictly carried out, for Mr. North had one of his nervous attacks, and could not go to church.

At five minutes past nine o'clock, in the warm, bright July morning, the Dallory Hall carriage drove up to Dallory church. Richard North, his sister, and Arthur Bohun were within it. The forms and etiquette usually observed at weddings were slighted here, else how came Arthur Bohun, the bridegroom's best man, to come to church with the bride? What did it matter? So closely in its wake that the horses nearly clashed with Mr. North's, came up the other carriage—which ought to have been the first. In after days, when a strange ending had come to the marriage-life of Oliver Rane and his wife, and Oliver was regarded with dread, assailed with reproach, he said the marriage had been the Northe' doings more than his. Any way, Bessy was first at church, and both were a little late.

But Mr. North was not the only one who failed them: the other was Mrs. Cumberland. She assigned no reason for absenting herself from the ceremony, excepting a plea that she did not feel equal to it—which her son believed or not, as he pleased. Her new bright dress and bonnet were spread out on the bed; but she never as much as looked at them: and Ellen Adair found that she and Dr. Rane had to drive to the church alone, in the hired carriage, arriving there almost simultaneously with the other party.

Richard North took his sister up the aisle, the bridegroom following close on their steps. Ellen Adair and Captain Bohun, left behind, walked side by side. Bessy wore a pretty gray silk and plain white bonnet: she had a small bouquet in her hand that the gardener, Williams, had done up for her. Ellen Adair was in a similar dress, and looked altogether lovely. Mr. Lea, the clergyman, stood ready, book in hand. The spectators in the church—for the event had got wind at the last moment, as those events almost always do, and many came—rose up with expectation.

Of all the party, the bridegroom alone seemed to suffer from nervousness. His answering voice was low, his words were jerky. It was the more remarkable, because he was in general so self-contained and calm a man. Bessy, timid and yielding always, spoke with gentle firmness; not a shade of doubt or agitation seemed to cross her. But there occurred a frightful contretemps.

"The ring, if you please," whispered the officiating clergyman to the bridegroom when the part of the service came that the ring was needed.

The ring! Oliver Rane felt in his waistcoat pocket, and went into a spasm of consternation. The ring was not there. He must have left it on his dressing-table. The little golden symbol had been wrapped in a bit of white tissue paper, and he certainly remembered putting it into his waistcoat pocket. It was certainly not there now: and he supposed he must have put it out again.

"I have not got the ring!" he exclaimed hurriedly.

To keep a marriage ceremony waiting in the middle, while a messenger ran a mile off to get the ring and then ran a mile back again, was a thing that had never been heard of by the clergyman or any other of the scared individuals around him. What was to be done? It was suggested that perhaps somebody present could furnish a ring that might suffice. Ellen Adair, standing in her beauty behind the bride, gently laid down the glove and bouquet she was holding, took off her own glove, and gave Oliver Rane a plain gold ring from her finger: one she always wore there. Arthur Bohun alone knew the ring's history; the rest had never taken sufficient interest in *her* to inquire it; perhaps had never noticed that she wore one.

The service proceeded to its end. Had Oliver Rane gone a pilgrimage to all the jewelers' marts in Whitborough, he could not have chosen a more perfectly-fitting wedding-ring than this. When they went into the vestry, Bessy, agitated by the mishap and the emotional position altogether, burst into tears, asking Ellen how *she* came by a wedding-ring.

The history was very simple. It arose—that is, the possession of the ring—through the foolish romance of two young girls. Ellen and one of her schoolfellows named Maria Warne had formed a sincere and lasting attachment to each other. At the time of parting, when Ellen was leaving school for Mrs. Cumberland's, each had bought a plain gold ring to give the other, over which eternal friendship had been vowed, together with an undertaking to wear the ring always. Alas, for time and change! in less than six months afterwards, Ellen Adair received notice of the death of Maria Warne. The ring had in consequence become really precious to Ellen; but on this emergency she had not scrupled to part with it.

As they came out of the vestry, Ellen found herself face to face with Jelly. The clerk, and the two women pew-openers, and the sexton, considering themselves privileged people, pressed up where they chose; Jelly, who of course—living with Mrs. Cumberland—could not be at all confounded with the common spectators, chose to press with them. Her face was as long as one and a half, as she caught hold of Miss Adair.

"How *could* you, Miss Ellen?" she whispered. "Don't you know that nothing is more unlucky than for a bride to be married with anybody else's wedding-ring?"

"But it was not a wedding-ring, Jelly. Only a plain gold one."

"Anyway it was unlucky *for you*. We have a superstition in these parts, Miss Ellen, that if a maid takes off a ring from her own finger to serve at a pinch for a bride, she'll never be a wife herself. *I'd* not have risked it, miss."

Ellen laughed gayly, Jelly's dismay was so real and her face so long. But there was no time for more. Richard held out his arm to her; and Oliver Rane was already taking out his bride. Close up against the door stood Mr. North's carriage, into which stepped the bride and bridegroom.

"My shawl! Where's the shawl?" asked Bessy, looking round.

She had sat down upon it; and laughed gayly when Oliver drew it out. This shawl—a thin cashmere of quiet colors—was intended to be thrown on ere they reached the station. Her silk dress covered with that, and a black lace veil substituted for the white one on her bonnet, the most susceptible maid or matron who might happen to be travelling, would never take her for a bride.

Arthur Bohun deliberately flung an old white satin slipper after the carriage—it struck the old coachman's head, and the crowding spectators shouted cheerily. Richard was going to the works. He placed Ellen in the carriage that had brought her.

"Will you pardon me, that I depute Captain Bohun to see you safely home instead of myself, Miss Adair? It is a very busy day at the works, and I must go there. Arthur, will you take care of this young lady?"

What Ellen answered, she scarcely knew. Captain Bohun got into the carriage. The situation was wholly unexpected; and if their hearts beat a little faster in the tumult of the moment's happiness, Richard at least was unconscious of it.

"It is the first wedding I ever was at," began Ellen gayly, feeling that she must talk to cover the embarrassment of the position. Both were feeling it; and got as far apart from each other as if they had quarrelled; she in one corner, he in the further one opposite. "Of course it had been arranged that I should go home with Mrs. Cumberland."

"Is she ill?"

"Dr. Rane thinks it is only nervousness; he said so as we came along. I had to come with him alone. I am sure the people we passed on the road, who had not heard about Bessy, thought it was *I* who was going to be married to him, they stared into the carriage so."

Ellen laughed as she said it. Arthur Bohun, drinking in draughts of her wondrous beauty, glanced at her meaningly, his blue eyes involuntarily betraying his earnest love.

"It may be your turn next, Ellen."

She blushed vividly, and looked from the window as though she saw something passing. He felt tempted there and then to speak of his love. But he had a large sense of the fitness of the time and place; and she had been placed for these few minutes under his protection: it seemed like putting him on his honor, as schoolboys say. Besides, he had fully made up his mind not to speak until he saw his way clear to marry.

Ellen Adair brought her beaming face round again.

"Jelly is in a terrible way about the ring, foretelling all kinds of ill-luck to everybody concerned, and thankful it did not happen to *her*. Will Bessy keep my ring always, do you think? Perhaps she'd not be legally married if she gave it me back and took to her own—when it is found?"

Arthur Bohun's eyes danced a little.

"Perhaps not," he replied, in the gravest of tones. "I cannot tell what they would have done without it, Ellen."

"I did not tell Bessy one thing, when she asked me about it in the vestry. I will never tell her if I can help it—that Maria Warner is dead. How was it Mr. North did not come?"

"Nervousness too, in my opinion. He said he was ill."

"Why should he be nervous?"

"Lest it should come to his wife's ears—that he had so far countenanced the marriage as to be present at it."

"Can you tell why Mrs. North should set her face against it?"

"No. Unless it is because other people have wished it. I should only say as much to you, though, Ellen: she is my mother."

The implied confidence sounded very precious in her ears. She turned to the window again.

"I hope they will be happy. I think there is no doubt of it. Bessy is very sweet-tempered and gentle."

"He is good-tempered, too."

"Yes I think so. I have seen but little of him. There's Mrs. Gass!"

They were passing that lady's house. She sat at the open window; a grand amber gown on, white satin ribbons in her cap. Leaning out, she shook her handkerchief at them in violent greeting, just as though they had been the bride and bridegroom. As Ellen drew back in her corner after bowing, her foot touched something on the carpet at the bottom of the carriage.

"Why! what is this?"

They both stooped at once. It was the wedding-ring enclosed in its bit of tissue paper. Captain Bohun unfolded the paper.

Dr. Rane must have lost it out of his pocket as we went along, cried Ellen. "He said, you know, that he felt so sure he had put it in. What is to be done with it?"

"Wear it instead of your own until they come back," said Arthur. "Bessy can then take her choice of the two."

Accepting the suggestion without thought of dissent, Ellen took off her right glove, and held out the other hand for the ring. He did not give it. Bending forward, he took her right hand and put it on for her.

"It fits as well as my own did."

Their eyes met. He had her hand still, as if trying the fit. Her sweet face was like a damask rose.

"I trust I may put one on to better purpose some day, Ellen," came the murmuring, whispered, tremulous words. "Meanwhile—if Bessy does not claim this, remember that I have placed it on your finger."

Not another syllable, not another look from either. Captain Bohun sat down in his corner; Ellen in hers, her hot face bent over the glove she was putting on, and fully believing that the carriage had changed into Paradise.

CHAPTER XII.

PUTTING DOWN THE CARPET.

The days went on, and Dr. Rane's house was being made ready for the reception of the bride. No time could be lost, as the wedding tour was intended to be so short a one. As Jelly said, They'd be at home before folks could look round. Mrs. Cumberland presented the new carpet for the drawing-room; the furniture, that had been the first Mrs. North's, arrived from Dallory Hall. Molly Green arrived with it, equally to take up her abode in the house of Dr. Rane. The arranging of these things, with the rest of the preparations, was carried on with a considerable deal of bustle and gossip, Jelly being in at the doctor's house continually, and constituting herself chief mistress of the ceremonies. Phillis and Molly Green, with native humility, deferred to her in all things.

It was said in a previous chapter, that Jelly was one of those who retained an interest in the anonymous letter. She had a special cause for it. Jelly, in her propensity to look into her neighbors' affairs, was given to take up any mysterious cause, and make it hers. Her love of the marvellous was great, her curiosity insatiable. But Jelly's interest in this matter really was a personal one and concerned herself. It was connected with Timothy Wilks.

Amidst Jelly's other qualities and endowments might be ranked one that took almost the pre-eminence—love of admiration. Jelly could not remember to have been without an "acquaintance" for above a month at a time since the days when she left off pinafores. No sooner did she quarrel with one young man and dismiss him, than she took on another. Dallory wondered that of all her numerous acquaintances she had not got married: but, as Jelly coolly said, to have a suitor at your beck and call was one thing, and to be tied to a husband quite another. So Jelly was Jelly still; and perhaps it might be conceded that the fault was her own. She liked her independence.

The reigning "acquaintance" at this present period happened to be Timothy Wilks. Jelly patronized *him*; *he* was devoted to her. There was a trifling difference in their ages—some ten years probably, and all on Jelly's side—but that disparity had often happened before. Jelly had distinguished Tim by the honor of taking him to be her young man; and when the damaging whisper fell upon him, that he had probably written the anonymous letter resulting in the death of Edmund North, Jelly resented the aspersion far more than Timothy did. "I'll find out who did it if it costs me a

year's wages and six months' patience," avowed Jelly to herself in the first burst of indignation.

But Jelly found she could not arrive at that satisfactory result any quicker than other people. It's true she possessed a slight clue that they did not, in the few memorable words she had overheard pass that moonlight night between her mistress and Dr. Rane; but they did not serve her. The copy of the letter was said to have dropped out of Dr. Rane's pocket-book on somebody's carpet, and he denied that it had so dropped. Neither more nor less could Jelly make of the matter than this: and she labored under the disadvantage of not being able to speak of the over-heard words, unless she confessed that she had been a listener. Considering who had been the speakers, Jelly did not choose to do that. From that time until this, a good two months, had the matter rankled in Jelly's mind; she had kept her ears wide open and put cautious questions wherever she thought they might avail; and all to no purpose. But in this, the first week of July, Jelly got a slight light thrown on the clue from Molly Green. The very day that damsel arrived at Dr. Rane's as helpmate to Phillis, and Jelly had gone in with her orderings, the conversation happened to turn on plum-pudding—Phillis having made a currant-dumpling for dinner, and let the water get into it—and Molly Green dropped a few words which Jelly's pricking ears caught up. They were only to the effect that Mrs. Gass had asked her whether she did not let fall on her carpet a receipt, for making plum-pudding, the night of Edmund North's attack; which receipt, Mrs. Gass had said, might have belonged to Madam, and been brought from the Hall by Molly Green's petticoats. Jelly put a wary question or two to the girl, and then let the topic pass without comment. That same evening she betook herself to Mrs. Gass, acting craftily. "Where's that paper that was found on your carpet the night Edmund North was taken?" asked Jelly with bold tongue. Upon which Mrs. Gass was seized with astonishment so entire that in the moment's confusion she made one or two inconvenient admissions, just stopping short of the half-suspicion she had entertained of Dr. Rane.

In the days gone by, when Mrs. Gass was a servant herself, Jelly's relatives—really respectable people—had patronized her. Mrs. Gass got promoted to be what she was; but she assumed no fine airs in consequence, as the reader has heard, and she and Jelly had remained very good friends. Vexed with herself for having incautiously admitted that the paper found *was* the copy of the anonymous letter, Mrs. Gass turned round on Jelly and gave her a good sharp reprimand for taking her unawares, and for trying to pry into what did not concern her. Jelly came away, not very much wiser than she went, but with a spirit of unrest that altogether refused to be soothed. She dared not pursue the inquiry openly, out of respect to her mistress and Dr. Rane, but she resolved to pump Molly Green. This same Molly was niece to the people with whom Timothy Wilks lodged, and rather more friendly with the latter gentleman than Jelly liked.

On the following morning when Jelly had swallowed her breakfast, she went into the next house with her usual lack of ceremony. Phillis and Molly Green were on their knees laying down the new carpet in the drawing-room, tugging and hammering to the best of their ability, their gowns pinned round their waists, their sleeves stripped to the elbows; Phillis little and old and weak-looking; Molly a comely girl of twenty, with red cheeks.

"Well, you must be two fools!" was Jelly's greeting, after taking in appearances. "As if you could expect to put down a heavy Brussels yourselves! Why didn't you get Turtle's men here? They served the carpet, and they ought to come to put it down."

"They promised to be here at seven o'clock this morning; and now it's nine," mildly responded Phillis, her nice dark eyes raised to Jelly's. "We thought we'd try and do it ourselves, so as to be able to get the tables and chairs in, and the room finished. Perhaps Turtles have forgot it."

"I'd forget them, I know, if it was me, when I wanted to buy another carpet," said Jelly, tartly.

But, even as she spoke, a vehicle was heard to stop at the gate. Inquisitive Jelly looked from the window, and recognized it for Turtle's. It seemed to contain one or two pieces of new furniture. Phillis did not know that any had been coming, and went out. Molly Green rose from her knees, and stood regarding the carpet. This was Jelly's opportunity.

"Now then!" she sharply cried, confronting the girl, with imperious gesture. "Did you drop that, or did you not, Molly Green?"

Molly Green seemed all abroad at the address—as well she might be. "Drop what?" she asked.

"That plum-pudding receipt on Mrs. Gass's parlor carpet."

"Well I never!" returned Molly after a pause of surprise. "What is it to you, Jelly, if I did?"

Now the girl only so spoke by way of retort; in a sort of banter. Jelly, hardly believing her ears, took it to be an admission that she did drop it. And so the two went floundering on, quite at cross-purposes.

"Don't stare at me like that, Molly Green. I want a straight-for'rard answer. Did it drop from your skirts?"

"It didn't drop from my hands. As to staring, it's you that's doing that, Jelly, not me."

"Where had you picked up the receipt from? Out of Mr. Edmund North's room?"

"Out of Mr. Edmund North's room!" echoed Molly in wonder. "Whatever should have brought me a-doing that?"

"It was the night he was taken ill."

"And if it was! I didn't go a-nigh him."

A frightful thought now came over Jelly, turning her quite faint. What if the girl had gone to her Aunt Green's that night and picked the paper up there? In that case it could not fail to be traced home to Timothy Wilks.

"Did you call in at your aunt's that same evening, Molly Green?"

"Suppose I did?" retorted Molly.

"And how *dare* you call in there, and bring—bring—receipts away with you surreptitious?" shrieked Jelly in her temper.

Molly Green stooped to pick up the hammer, lying at her feet, speaking quietly as she did so. Some noise was beginning to be heard outside, caused by Turtle's men getting a piano into the house, and Phillis talking to them.

"I can't think what you are a-driving at, Jelly. As to calling in at aunt's, I have a right to do it when I'm out, if time allows. Which it had not that night, at any rate, for I never went nowhere but to the druggist's, and Mrs. Gass's. I scuttered all the way to Dallory, and scuttered back again; and I don't think I stopped to speak to a single soul, but Timothy Wilks."

Jelly's spirits, which had been rising, fell again to wrath at the name. "You'd better say you got it from *him*, Molly Green. Don't spare him, poor fellow; whiten yourself."

Molly was beginning to feel just a little wrathful in her turn. Though Jelly was a lady's-maid and superior to herself with her red arms and rough hands, that could not be a reason for attacking her in this way.

"And what if I did get it from him, pray? Come! A plum-pudding prescription's no crime."

"But a copy of an anonymous letter *is*," retorted Jelly, the moment's anger causing her to lose sight of caution. "Don't you try to brazen it out to me, girl."

"WHAT?" cried Molly, staring with all her eyes.

But in the intervening moment Jelly's senses had come back to her. She set herself coolly to remedy the mischief.

"To think that my mind should have run off from the pudding receipt to that letter of poor Mr. Edmund's! It's your fault, Molly Green—bothering my wits out of me! Where *did* you pick up the paper? There. Answer that; and let's end it."

Molly thought it might be as well to end it; she was getting tired of the play: besides, here were Turtle's men coming into the room to finish the carpet.

"I never had the receipt at all, Jelly, and it's not possible it could have dropped from me; that's the blessed truth. After talking to me, just as you've done, and turning me inside out, as one may say, Mrs. Gass as good as confessed that it might have fell out of her own bundle of receipts that she keeps in the sideboard drawer."

Slowly Jelly arrived at a conviction that Molly Green, in regard to her own non-participation in dropping the paper, must be telling the truth. It did not tend to lessen her wrath.

"Then why on earth have you been keeping up this farce with me? I'll teach you manners with your betters, girl."

"Well, why did you set upon me?" was the good-humored answer. "There's no such great treason in dropping a plum-pudding paper, even if I had done it—which I didn't. 'Tain't a love-letter. I don't like to be brow-beat for nothing: and it's not your place to do it, Jelly."

Jelly said no more. Little did she suspect that Mr. Richard North, leaning against the door-post of the half-open drawing-room door, while he watched the movements of the men, had heard every syllable of the colloquy. Coming round to see what progress was being made in the house, before he went to the works for the day, it chanced that he arrived at the same time as Turtle's cart. The new piano was a present from himself to Bessy.

Turtle's men, leaving the piano in the hall, went into the room to finish the carpet, and Jelly came out of it. She found her arm touched by Mr. Richard North. He motioned her into the dining-parlor; followed, and closed the door.

"Will you tell me the meaning of what you have just been saying to Molly Green?"

The sudden question—as Jelly acknowledged to herself afterwards—made her creep all over. For once in her life she was dumb.

"I heard all you said, Jelly, happening to be standing accidentally at the door. What was it that was dropped on Mrs. Gass's carpet the night of my brother's illness?"

"It—was—a receipt for making plum-pudding, sir," stammered Jelly, turning a little white.

"I think not, Jelly," replied Richard North, gazing into her eyes with quiet firmness. "You spoke of a copy of an anonymous letter; and I am sure, by your tone, you were then speaking truth. As I have overheard this much, you must give me an explanation."

"I'd have spent a pound out of my pocket, rather than this should have happened," cried Jelly, with much ardor.

"You need not fear to tell *me*. I am no tattler, as you know."

Had there been only the ghost of a chance to stand out against the command, Jelly would have caught at it. But there was not. She disclosed what she knew; more than she need have done. Warming with her subject, when the narrative had fairly set in—as it was in Jelly's gossiping nature to warm—she told also of the interview she had been a partial witness to between Mrs. Cumberland and the doctor, and the words she had heard them say.

Richard North looked grave—startled. He said very little: only cautioned Jelly never to speak of the subject again to other people.

"I suppose you will be asking Mrs. Gass about it, sir," cried Jelly, as he was turning to leave.

"I shall. And should be thankful to hear from her that it really was nothing more than a receipt for plum-pudding, Jelly."

Jelly's head gave an incredulous toss.

"I hope you'll not let her think that I up and told you spontaneous, Mr. Richard. After saying to her that I should never open my lips about it to living mortal, she'd think I can't keep my word, sir."

"Be at ease, Jelly; she shall not suppose I learnt it by aught but accident."

"And I am glad he knows it, after all!" decided Jelly to herself as she watched him away up the Ham. "Perhaps he'll now be able to get at the rights and the wrongs."

Richard North walked along, full of tumultuous trouble. It could not be but that he should have caught up a suspicion of Oliver Rane—now his brother-in-law—that he might have been the author of the anonymous letter. How, else, should its copy have dropped from his pocket-book—if indeed it had so dropped? Jelly had not thrown so much as a shadow of hint upon the doctor; either she failed to see the obvious inference, or controlled her tongue to caution: but Richard North could put two-and-two together. He went straight to Mrs. Gass's, and found that lady at breakfast in her dining-parlor, with the window thrown up to the warm summer air.

"What's it you, Mr. Richard?" she cried, rising to shake hands. "I am a'most ashamed to be found a breakfasting at this hour; but the truth is, I overslept myself; and that idiot of a girl never came to tell me the time. The first part o' the night I got no sleep at all; 't were three o'clock afore I closed my eyes."

"Were you not well?" asked Richard.

"I'd got a touch of my stomach-pain; nothing more. Which is indigestion, Dr. Rane says: and he's about right. Is it a compliment to ask you to take some breakfast, Mr. Richard, sir? Them eggs are fresh, and here's some down-right good tea."

Richard answered that it would be only a compliment; he had breakfasted with his father and Arthur Bohun before leaving home. His eyes ran dreamily over the white damask cloth: as if he were admiring what stood on it: the pretty china, the well-kept silver, the glass with a bunch of fresh roses in it. Mrs. Gass liked to have things nice about her, although people called her vulgar. In reality Richard saw nothing. His mind was absorbed with what he had to ask, and with how he should ask it.

In a pause, made by Mrs. Gass's draining her cup of tea and pushing her plate from her, Richard North bent forward and opened the communication, speaking in a low and confidential tone.

"I have come to you thus early for a little information, Mrs. Gass. Will you kindly tell me what were the contents of the paper that was found here on your carpet, the night of Edmund's seizure?"

From the look that Mrs. Gass's countenance assumed at the question, it might have been thought that she was about to have a seizure herself. Her eyes grew round, her cheeks and nose red. For a full minute she made no answer.

"What on earth cause have you to ask me that, Mr. Richard? *You* can't know nothing about it."

"Yes I can; and do. I know that such a paper was found; I fear it was a copy of the anonymous letter. But I have to come to you to learn particulars."

"My patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Gass. "To think you should have got hold of it at last. Who in the world told you, sir?"

"Jelly. But—"

"Drat that girl!" warmly interposed Mrs. Gass. "Her tongue is as long as from here to yonder."

"But not intentionally, I was about to add. I overheard her say a chance word, and I insisted upon her disclosing to me what she knew. There is no blame due to Jelly, Mrs. Gass."

"I say Yes there is, Mr. Richard. What right has she got to blab out chance words about other folk's business? Let her stick to her own. That tongue of hers is worse than a steam-engine: once set it going, it won't be stopped."

"Well, we will leave Jelly. It may be for the better that I should know this. Tell me all about it, my dear old friend."

Thus adjured Mrs. Gass spoke; telling the tale from the beginning. Richard listened in silence.

"He denied that it came out of his pocket-book?" was the first remark he made.

"Denied it out and out. And then my thoughts turned naturally to Molly Green: for no other stranger had been in the room but them two. He said perhaps she had brought it in her petticoats from the Hall: but I don't think it could have been. I'm afraid—I'm *afraid*, Mr. Richard—that it must have dropped from his pocket-book."

Their eyes met: each hesitating to speak out the conviction lying at heart, notwithstanding there had been confidential secrets between them before to-day. Richard was thinking that he ought not to have married Bessy—at least, until it was cleared up.

"Why did you not tell me, Mrs. Gass?"

"It was in my mind to do so—I said a word or two—but then, you see, I *couldn't* think it was him that writ it," was her answer. Mrs. Cumberland told me she saw the anonymous letter itself, Mr. North showed it her, and that it was not a bit like any handwriting she ever met. Suppose he is innocent—would it have been right for me to come out with a tale, even to you, Mr. Richard, that he might have been guilty?"

On this point Richard said no more. All the talking in the world now could not undo the marriage, and he was never one to reproach uselessly. Mrs. Gass resumed.

"If I had spoke ever so, I don't suppose it would have altered things, Mr. Richard. There was no proof: and, failing that, you'd not have liked to say anything at all to Miss Bessy. Any way they are man and wife now."

"I hope—I *hope* he did not write it!" said Richard, fervently.

Mrs. Gass gave a sweep with her arm to all the china together, as she bent her earnest red face nearer Richard's.

"Let's remember this much to our comfort, Mr. Richard: if it *was* him, he never thought to harm a hair of your brother's head. He must have wit it to damage Alexander. Oliver Rane has looked upon Alexander as his mortal enemy—as a man who ought to be kicked—as a man who did him a right down bad turn and spoilt his prospects—as a man upon whom it was a'most a duty to be revenged."

"Do you think this?" cried Richard, rather at sea.

"No; but I say he thinks it. He never meant worse nor better by the letter than to drive Alexander away from the place where, as Rane fancies, he only got a footing by treachery That is, *if* he writ it: sometimes I think he did, and sometimes I think he didn't."

"What is to be done?"

"Nothing. You can do nothing. You and me must just bury it between us, Mr. Richard, sir, for Miss Bessy's sake. It would be a nasty thing for her if a whisper of this should get abroad, let him be as innocent as the babe unborn. They are fond of one another, and it would just be a cruelty to have stopped the marriage with *this*. He is a good-intentioned man, and I don't see but what they'll be happy together. Let us hope that he has made his peace with the Lord, and that it won't be visited upon him."

"Amen!" was the mental response of Richard North. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A sick man in Boston, who noticed his little daughter looking eagerly at some fruit at his bedside, said to her: "You would not take them away from your sick papa, would you?" She replied, hesitatingly, "No, I wouldn't," and then colored up and ingenuously added, "but, papa, I tell a story when I say so." He gave her the fruit.

☞ While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the blamed fools that pass this road."

☞ In a neighboring city lives Mr. Malaprops, husband of the late Mrs. Malaprops, a man slightly pretentious, fond of display, and somewhat ignorant. Recently entertaining a party of gentlemen at his house, which he had gorgeously refurnished, he called their attention to a showy carpet on one of the apartments, with the remark—"There, gentlemen, that is one of the best carpets *Mr. Brussels ever made!*"

☞ Bayard Taylor's long-promised translation of *Faust*, with elaborate and exhaustive notes, will appear early in the autumn.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE INCOME TAX.

By adroit management the Senate reversed its action in the case of the odious Income Tax, though there is said to be a decided majority against it. But many of these Senators probably are not really against it—valuing the perquisites of the appointments under it too highly—and therefore contrived to be absent when the vote was taken. Senator Cameron, of this state, left the Chamber just before the vote.

Senator Sherman averred that it was necessary that the Government should have either the tax on the gross receipts of railroads, &c., or the tax on private Incomes—and of course the Railroads were favored. There is no necessity, however, as every well-informed man knows, for retaining either tax. It is not, however, the amount levied by the Income Tax that is the principal cause of complaint, but the offensive intermeddling with private affairs which the tax renders necessary.

The plea put forth by certain Senators that the failure to re-enact the Income Tax would seriously injure the Republican party, is even more absurd than the assertion that the Tax is needed by the Government. How could it hurt the Republican party, when the Democratic members unanimously, we believe, voted against the tax? If it was meant that the patronage of six millions of dollars derived from the tax was necessary to the success of the Republican party, then there was a show of sense in the argument; but at the same time it was a confession both of corruption and weakness, which we should not have expected to hear from grave and reverend Senators. The Republican party would indeed have come to a pitiful pass, if it should need such means of success—nor do we believe that six millions, or even sixty millions, of patronage, could in such a case save it from destruction. So far as we have observed, the possession of the patronage of the government is quite as apt to injure as to aid a party—the selfish Outs working harder to gain the spoils, than the mercenary Ins to keep them; while there are always threefold more hungry aspirants for office than contented office-holders.

——Since writing the above a number of our leading citizens have formed an "Anti Income Tax Association." The first measure of the Association will be to test the constitutionality of the Income Tax before the Supreme Court—for it would seem to be clearly unconstitutional, as the Constitution requires that "*Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers*" (populations.)

The "Association" recommends that not a single dollar more of Income Tax should be paid without accompanying the payment with a formal protest, in order that the money may be recovered if the Supreme Court should decide the Tax to be unconstitutional. It is also advised that Associations of a similar character be formed in every Congressional district, that this official but unconstitutional Paul-Pryism may be speedily put an end to.

CLAIMING OUR OWN.

We published last July, in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, the following poem by our correspondent Ella Wheeler:—

A SUMMER DAY.

There's a gaping rent in the curtain
That longs for a needle and thread;
There's a garment that ought to be finished,
And a book that wants to be read.
There's a letter that ought to be answered,
There are clothes to fold away,
And I know these tasks are wanting,
And ought to be done to-day.

But how can I mend the curtain
While watching the silvery cloud?
And how can I finish the garment
When the robin calls so loud?
And the whispering trees are telling
Such stories above my head
That I can but lie and listen,
And the book is all unread.

If I try to write the letter,
I am sure one-half the words
Will be in the curious language
Of my chattering friends, the birds.
The lilacs bloom in the sunshine,
The roses nod and smile,
And the clothes that ought to be folded
And ironed must wait a while.

I lie in the chestnut shadows,
And gaze at the Summer sky,
Bidding the cares and troubles
And trials of life pass by.
The beautiful chestnut blossoms
Are falling about my feet,
And the dreamy air is laden
With their odors rare and sweet.

The honey-bees hum in the clover,
The grasses rise and fall,
The robin stops and listens
As he hears the brown thrush call.
And the birds sing to me softly,
The butterfly flits away—
Oh, what could be sweeter than living
This beautiful Summer day!

Well—that is a very pretty poem—but none of our contemporaries copied it. An English magazine, however, knowing what was good, recently transferred the poem to its pages, and straightway we find "A SUMMER DAY" in several of the leading New York and Boston journals!

These selections at second-hand from THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND are getting to be so common of late, that we shall have to insist upon our Boston and New York contemporaries giving us and our contributors the proper credit. If our contributors' articles are worth taking, they are worth crediting.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

The project of making the German Prince of Hohenzollern King of Spain, has created the greatest excitement in Europe. The Emperor Napoleon, speaking undoubtedly the nearly unanimous sentiment of France, says that France will never submit to it. He says in so many words, that he will oppose such a consummation by force of arms.

The whole thing is as yet in a cloud—which may perhaps blow away as suddenly as it has gathered. Gen. Prim may say that of course Spain would not insist upon any movement that France should deem unfriendly. Bismarck may say, Of course, if Spain does not wish the German Prince, all well—but, if she did, Prussia would maintain her right of free choice against a world in arms. And so the matter might come to an abrupt and peaceable end, leaving the world only to wonder why it was projected.

Even if Prim should persevere in such a project, it does not seem probable to us that the Spanish Cortes would support him, at the cost of a war with France. Certainly it would seem to be the height of folly. For though there is no great amount of love lost between the French and the Spaniards, the evident policy of Spain is Peace—and France, if she be at all the France of old, is more than a match for Spain and Prussia combined.

Dickens as an Author.

A member of the British Parliament stated in a recent speech that a distinguished artist with whom he had dined not long before related to him the following:—

A short time since I painted a portrait of Charles Dickens. It was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and sat again and again, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face and watched the anxiety and the care. I saw the blotting and the rewriting of his works, and I was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance.

☞ The constitutional election in Illinois on Saturday, as far as heard from, resulted in the adoption of the new constitution and of the articles subjected to a separate vote. Among these last is the one introducing the principle of minority representation. This is one of the most characteristic features of the new constitution, which also prohibits "special legislation," limits loans to corporations by municipalities, introduces minority representation into stock companies, and is in many ways a model document.

☞ One of Red Cloud's squaws has been re-christened "Iron Road," in honor of the railroad. The swift mode of the locomotion greatly impressed the delegation. In expression of their amazement at the celerity with which they travelled, they made gestures denoting the drawing of an arrow from a bow, and indicated the flight of eagles with their arms, to show the comparisons the speed of the railroad suggested to their picturesque imaginations.

☞ The Swiss Minister at Yeddo, Japan, says that every woman throughout the Empire is able to read, write and cipher.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humor, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.*

Make room, oh tuneful Handel, at thy foot;
Make room, oh witty Sheridan, at thy head;
Shift, Johnson, till thou leave him grave-space meet;
Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh Addison, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humor, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
Thackeray, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbor here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that prest
About the father's coffin or the friend's;

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.†

* "The coffin was of plain but solid oak, and it bore the simple inscription:—'Charles Dickens, born February 7, 1812; died, June 9, 1870.' His grave, which is only between five and six feet deep, is situated about a yard, or a yard and a half, from the southern wall of Poet's Corner; the spot was selected by the Dean from among the few vacant spaces in that transept; and our readers will hear with interest that all of Charles Dickens that is mortal lies at the feet of Handel, and at the head of Sheridan, with Richard Cumberland resting on his right hand and Macaulay on his left. His grave is near the foot of Addison's statue; and Thackeray's bust looks calmly down upon the grave of his old friend; Dr. Johnson and Garrick lie within a few yards of him; and the busts of Shakespeare, Milton, and a host of other worthies, each of them the glory of English literature in their day, are but a little farther off."—*Times, Tuesday, June 14th.*

† Upon the coffin was a crown of green leaves and white roses. Many of those who came to look into the grave during the day it remained open threw flowers into it.

☞ Mr. Agassiz says that every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it had been discovered before. Lastly, they say they always believed it.

☞ A HINT FOR MR. SCHENCK.—Swift at one time proposed to put a tax on female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and would be very productive.

☞ THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.—The House of Representatives, on Saturday, by the gratifying vote of 106 to 32, refused to recognize a private claim to a section of the famous Yo Semite Valley in California. The majority held that the valley was specially reserved to be preserved in a state of nature and that no portion of it could be conveyed to private individuals or for private purposes.

☞ Henry Giles, says the Western Monthly, met a lady in a Western railway car, with whom he talked metaphysics, and who seems to have been able, if the expression is metaphysical, to see Mr. Emerson, and go him one better. "Oh! Ralph Waldo," said she, "I rejoiced in for a time: he was very tolerable for his day, but I have outgrown him. He accepts the universe; I criticise it. I read his little books occasionally still; but as to any intimate communion, I have shaken hands with him long ago."

☞ One of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking about him to John Bright, said:—"You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," retorted Mr. Bright, "and he adores his maker."

☞ An Indiana young lady (she lives in Stark county) boasts of having two hundred correspondents, and that she devotes nearly all her time to letter-writing. It may be pleasant to her, but what of the two hundred?

☞ There is a new process of making steel, by mixing ore from York county, Pennsylvania, with common pig iron, in a puddling furnace. There is, it appears, no doubt that this large and uniform bed of ore is of such a nature that the mixture so produced, under the Jameson patent, is steel of a good quality, and can be directly rolled into rails equal to those imported.

☞ Recently an attempt was made by the agricultural hands at Killarney, Ireland, to seize and destroy a number of mowing machines. The attempt was baffled and the rioters taken care of. The mowing machines work cheaper than even the Chinese. The rioters want their introduction into Ireland prohibited.

The Inscription on the Moabite Stone

The recent discovery of a monumental stone in the country of the Moabites to the eastward of the Dead Sea, of which we gave some account a short time ago, proves to have been of considerable importance. M. Ganneau, the discoverer, has been very busily engaged in deciphering the inscription upon the stone, which is made in Phœnician alphabetical character, and has given to the world, as the result of his labors, the imperfect translation which we give below. He hopes soon to be able to supply the missing words, and to fill up the *lacuna*.

Impressions, from which lithograph copies were immediately made in Paris, were taken of the inscription; but, owing to the interruption of the superstitious Egyptians, very imperfect copies of the original. These people subsequently broke the stone into pieces to prevent its removal, and the pieces have not yet all been recovered. According to the data we now have and the received chronology, the inscription must have been made nearly nine hundred years before the Christian era.

The London Times has received the following translation from Professor C. Schlottmann, of Halle, whose essay on the triumphal inscription of King Mesa has been published as the "Easter Programme" by the University of Halle, and will soon appear in an English translation:

("1. THE VICTORIES OF MESA OVER ISRAEL.)

"I. (Line 1-4 of the original.) I, Mesa, son of Camos [nadab?], king [of Moab, son of] Jabni. My father ruled over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I made this height of sacrifice (Hebr., Bamah) to Camos at Korcha, a height of salvation, because he saved me from all my enemies, and because he made me rejoice (triumph) over all those who hated me.

"II. (Line 4-6.) [Omri came up] King of Israel, and oppressed Moab many days, for Camos was angry against his land. And his son succeeded him, and he also spoke, 'I will oppress Moab.'

"III. (Line 6-9.) In my days Camos said: Now I will look upon him and his house (temple) and Israel perishes in eternal destruction. And Omri took possession of [the town of] Medeba, and he occupied it (lit., sat in it) [and they oppressed Moab, he and] his son forty years. Then Camos looked upon him (Moab) in my days.

"IV. (Line 9-14.) And I built (fortified) Baal Meon, and made around it [wall and ditch], and I laid siege to (the town of) Kirjathaim. And the men of Gad [dwelt] in the district [of Kirjathaim] from olden times, and the King of Israel built (fortified) for himself Kirjathaim. And I fought against the town and took it, and I slew all the people in the town to the delight of Camos, god of Moab. And I took from there (?) . . . [the vessels (instruments of worship) of Jehovah, and placed them] before the face of Camos in Kirjathaim. And I made the men of Saron and the men of . . . dwell therein. (The word wanting was the name of another Moabitic locality and race.)

"V. (Line 14-18.) And Camos said to me: 'Go! take (the town of) Nebo from (lit., against) Israel.' And I went during the night and fought against them, from the break of the day till noon. And I took it and I slew all of them, seven chiefs of tribes . . . (The line wanting contained further accounts of the slaughter of the inhabitants of Nebo. The motive follows in the words:) For to Astar-Camos (belonged) the curse. And I took from there the vessels (instruments of worship) of Jehovah, and [placed] them before the face of Camos.

"VI. (Line 18-21.) And the King of Israel built (fortified) Jahaz, and occupied it (lit., sat in it), fighting against me. And Camos drove him away before my face, and I took 200 men of Moab, the full number, and I laid siege to Jahaz and took it, joining it to Dibon.

("2. THE EDIFICES AND FORTIFICATIONS ERECTED BY THE KING, AND THE ARRANGEMENTS MADE BY HIM.)

"VII. (Line 21-26.) I built Korcha, the wall towards the forest and the wall . . . And I built its gate and its towers, and I built the King's palace, and I made reservoirs for the waters of the mountains in the midst of the town; and there were no cisterns in the midst of the town in Korcha, and I said to all the people: Make for yourselves cisterns, each of you in his house. (Here follows a passage with difficult words in the beginning, and a lacuna in the middle. Among various suggestions which might be made, I prefer the following):—I made a law for Korcha against [keeping up the association with] the people of Israel.

"VIII. (Line 26-30.) I built Aroer, and I made the road by (along?) the Arnon. I built Beth-Bamoth, for it had been destroyed. I built Bezer, for men of Dibon, 50 of them [had overpowered it], for the whole of Dibon was subjected. And I filled [with inhabitants] Bikran, which I added to the country. And I built . . . and the temple of Dibathaim and the temple of Baal Meon, and I carried there the (image of) Camos.

("3. WAR IN THE SOUTH AGAINST EDOM.)

"IX. (Line 31-34.) (After a lacuna the words occur):—The country. And Horonaim—therein dwelt . . . (Here probably followed the name of an Edomitic chief or race. Then, after another lacuna): Camos spoke to me: [Come!] fight against Horonaim and [take it]. (In the last lacuna of more than two lines only single letters and the word 'Camos in my days' are legible. The wanting passage no doubt related how the King, with the assistance of Camos, conquered the town.)

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, C. SCHLOTTMANN.
"*Professor of Theology in the University of Halle.*"

This, as will be seen, is mainly a recount by Mesha of the deeds he had done. He was very proud and haughty. "We have heard of the pride of Moab (he is exceedingly proud), his loftiness, and his arrogancy, and his pride, and the haughtiness of his heart." (Jeremiah 48: 29.) This same chapter contains the names of many of the places mentioned in the inscription, upon which the Lord pronounced judgment.

Mesha was King of Moab at the same time that the wicked Ahab ruled Israel, and upon the succession of Jehoram, Ahab's son to the throne, Moab rebelled, so that Jehoram called Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and the King of Edom, and together they moved through the wilderness of Edom to make war against the rebellious Moabites. They were seven days journeying through the wilderness, and suffered so greatly for the want of water that Jehoram thought they must all perish. "And the King of Israel said: "Alas! that the Lord hath called these three kings together, to deliver them into the hand of Moab!" (2 Kings 3: 10.) So the kings called the Prophet Elisha before them, who told them that the valley would speedily be filled with water for the use of their army, and that the Moabites would be delivered into their hands. Mesha and his army suffered a disastrous defeat. "Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the walls. And there was great indignation against Israel: and they departed from him and returned to their own land." (2 Kings 3: 27.)

Enoch Ardens.

It is not to be supposed that every seaman who does not come home is lost forever. Enoch Ardens, less the poetry of their situations, exist by the hundred. From a recent cruiser in the Pacific we have intelligence of extraordinary sprinklings of white men to be found on its various islands, living either alone or on peaceful terms with the natives. Indeed, they make themselves entirely at home with the latter, accepting the protection of the chiefs to whose tribe they attach themselves, and showing their superior breed by making the inferior savages their slaves; setting them to paddle their canoes, to fish for turtle, to collect shells, and make themselves generally useful. 'And what wages think you the white man pays?' Occasional scraps of tobacco. He has taught the Aborgine the virtues of the weed, and it has become the desire of the black man's heart; it even passes as money, for obviously coin is of no use. But it is never saved; the moment a morsel is earned and paid it is rammed into a pipe and puffed vigorously away. This tobacco-specie is procured from any whaling and trading ships that may be hailed, and tortoise-shell, pigs, and fowls, are given in return. The European resident keeps favor with his protecting chief by occasional presents, obtained from the same sources, of an adze or any other steel tool, a musket or a flask of powder; and it is said that the savage hosts are remarkably faithful to their guests. At one island, called "Ascension," but evidently not the well-known station of that name, some thirty whites have taken their abode, and there are many domiciled on New Guinea, New Ireland, the Friendly Islands, among the Figi, and in other places too numerous to mention. Some of them are Americans, some are wrecked whalers, some deserters; many of them might be worth fetching home; but a few would not be welcomed on their native soil, for they are runaway convicts.

☞ The Boston excursionists went to see some seals on exhibition in San Francisco, and one of the reporters tells of an instance of "shocking depravity on the part of one of the Bostonians," who had a San Francisco lady on his arm. She said to him: "Are not the seals huge creatures, Charles?" "Oh! replied he, "you should see the great seal of Massachusetts!"

☞ The man in possession is always the man to respect. A Paris *depute* replied to another who was extolling M. Olliver, "He is marvellous in duty, and only one man that I know is his superior." Which one?" "The one that will succeed M. Olliver," was the neat reply.

☞ In Baltimore a jury have just found a verdict of two thousand dollars in favor of an outraged husband against an impulsive friend who kissed his wife's hand. The judge, whose opinion of the value of a kiss differed from that of the jurors, ordered the verdict to be set aside unless the plaintiff would agree to take five hundred dollars and costs.

☞ An anxious couple from Illinois recently arrived at a St. Louis hotel, and at their request a clergyman was sent for. After the marriage ceremony was over, the happy groom tendered the minister a $2 bill as his fee, but the landlord suggested that he ought at least to make it a V. Upon the hint the brideroom handed out $3 more. Everything was lovely so far. The next day, when the pair wished to return home, the landlord found that his guest was short of funds—that he had, in fact, paid all his money to the minister. The landlord remembering that he had urged the liberality of the previous day, took it as a good joke on himself, receipted their bill in full and bade them depart in peace.

☞ The Mayor of Indianapolis scolded his servant girl a short time ago, and she immediately determined upon a fierce and terrible revenge, which shows how depraved human nature sometimes will become. She left the bosoms of his shirts as limp as a handkerchief, and starched the tails as stiff as the lid of a cigar-box. As a rule the Mayor never swears, excepting in the bosom of his family; but they say that he has been executing some elaborate and picturesque oaths in public since the occurrence. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls in lots at $5@5,25 for superfine, $5,25@5,50 for extra, $6@6,75 for Northwest extra family, $6,25@6,50 for Penna extra family, $6,50@7 for Indiana and Ohio extra family, and $7,50@9 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye; 400 bbls sold at $5,25.

GRAIN—1000 bus Penna red sold at $1,47; 1500 bus Ohio at $1,42@1,45; 400 bus Indiana at $1,40; 1400 bus Delaware red at $1,45. Rye; 4000 bus at $1@1,05 for Western, and $1,08@1,10 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; 60,000 bus western mixed sold at $1@1,05; 80,000 bus Western yellow at $1,06@1,08, and 15,000 bus Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,08@1,09. Oats; sales of 80,000 bus in lots at 60c for Western, 60@62c for mixed Penna, 63@63½c for bright Penna, and 64@66c ₩ bus for light Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@20,50. Mess Beef may be quoted at $16@18 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $34@36 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 21@22c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21c, and shoulders in salt at 13@13½c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@26c; very choice do 30c; choice New York tub at 28@30c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 12 to 18c. Cheese—Sales at 14@15c. Eggs sell at 24@26 ₩ dozen.

COTTON—430 bales of middlings sold at 20@20½c for uplands and 20¾@21c ₩ ₩ for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 10@15c for quarters, 5@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; mixed do, $1,25@1,30; Straw, $1,20@1,25.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 16@23c and Wisconsin at 10@15c ₩ lb.

IRON—There is very little doing; small sales of No. 1 sold at $32@33; No. 2 is quoted at $31@31,50. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales worthy of notice. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₩ ton.

PEATHERS—There is a steady demand for Prime Western at 75@80c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $8@9. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,30@2,35 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ There are establishments in Germany for curing diseases by prayer. The Protestant pastor, Blumhardt, is at the head of one at Boll Bad, in the Black Forest, where he undertakes to cure patients by his prayers. It is a cheerful place, where those who have no organic disease are pretty sure to get well, having the benefit of good air, suitable food, judicious exercise, a little Rhine wine, and the pastor's praying. The good man attributes the cure wholly to the praying, but admits that it does no good in surgical cases; that the thread of his address to Heaven cannot tie an artery. How much better it must be for his patients that he prays for them, and so uses up his idle hours, than if he spent his time in drugging them!

☞ Not long ago, a fire company in one of our rural villages paid a friendly visit to a neighboring town. Of course the village band was out, and a cordial reception accorded the visitors. A dinner was given by the village authorities, to which the band was very properly invited. After dinner came the toasts, when a gentleman present gave, "The M—— Fire Company and the P—— Band; the latter *great blowers*, the former *perfect squirts!*"

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH, with 4000 changes in spelling the name, sent[prepaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address C. T. WARD, 819 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. je25-4t

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have run a Grover & Baker Machine ten years on all kinds of clothing, from heavy wear for farmers to the lightest material, and it is yet 'O. K.' and as good as new."—*Charles W. Cathcart, Westville, Indiana.*

Panic-Struck Beauty.

It is a terrible shock to a charming woman—indeed, to any woman, to find that her teeth are "beginning to go." Never will any human being who uses the fragrant SOZODONT, make that discovery.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," no well-regulated family will be without it.

A Sensation in the Food Market.

No such sensation has been created in the food market during the present century, as that occasioned by the introduction of the *new staff of life* (for so it may be justly called), known as SEA MOSS FARINE. It is difficult to tell the truth about this extraordinary article of diet without being suspected of exaggeration. Prepared from a marine plant which grows spontaneously on the Irish coast, it is by all odds the cheapest species of sustenance ever offered to the masses; while the dishes prepared from it cannot be excelled, either for nutritious properties, epicurean flavor or variety. The Sea Moss Farine Co., 53 Park Place, who own the patent under which it is manufactured, are doing a business in this new edible equal to that of the most extensive flouring establishments in the country, and are now erecting new mills to supply the ever-increasing demand. From a 25 cent package you can produce *sixteen quarts* of unsurpassable Blanc Mange, Custard, Farina Cream, Jelly, or light Puddings. Invalids and convalescents find the dishes made from it more delicious, digestible and restorative, than any dainties of the same class derivable from ordinary sources.

Health's Best Defence.

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurent; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-5t

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan on the face use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known for removing brown discolorations. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Philadelphia and elsewhere. jy2-3t

The Prettiest Woman in New York

Miss E——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrinned at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy2-3t

Be Beautiful. Restore Nature's Losses.

Use "*London Hair Color Restorer*" to restore the gray hairs and insure a luxurious growth. The best in the world. Price 75 cents. Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North Sixth st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je18-eowtf

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar, Harp, and desiring further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale, London Co., Conn.

Music Vale Seminary

jy2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. jy16-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of June, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE W. BENNER to Miss KATE GREEN, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL C. JOHNSON to Miss JOSEPHINE KNOLL, both of this city.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. W. H. STEWART to Miss MARY A. BRACKEN, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jacob Miller, Mr. JOHN MILLER to Miss GRACE K. BROOMELL, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. C. Elder, J. L. MOONEY to Miss ELIZA SMITH, both of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. A. Calhoun, Mr. JAMES RALSTON to Miss ISABELLA FULTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM O. DAVEY, aged 50 years.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM J. YOUNG, in his 70th year.

On the 4th instant, GEORGE BRAKEN, in his 53d year.

On the 3d instant, DAVID HENNESSY, in his 26th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY DUNLAP, in her 64th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. REBECCA PORTER, aged 50 years.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM H. DAVIS, in his 23d year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. HANNAH J. GLENN, in her 23d year.

On the 1st instant, REBECCA, wife of Jas. Wilson, in her 71st year.

From the Upper Marlboro (Md.) Gazette of June 29.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday, June 26th, after an illness of several weeks duration, at Western, the residence of Thos. Clagett, Sr., Esq., near Upper Marlborough, JANE MARIA, wife of Gen. Van Antwerp, of Iowa.

Mrs. Van Antwerp was a daughter of the late Hon. John Van Ness Yates, of Albany, New York, and grand-daughter of Chief Justice Robert Yates, of that State, of Revolutionary fame. He, with Alexander Hamilton and John Lansing, Jr., constituted the delegation from New York to the Convention of 1787, held in Philadelphia, to frame the Constitution of the United States. As Vice Regent, for Iowa, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, organized under an act of the Legislature of Virginia in 1858, Mrs. Van Antwerp took an active part in the measures adopted, and successfully carried into effect by that Association, for the purchase of the Home and Grave of Washington. To the day of her death she felt a warm interest in, and actively promoted the objects of the Association. She contemplated being present, with her associate Vice Regents from other States, at their annual meeting at Mount Vernon on the 21st instant, but was prevented by sickness. While on a visit to the relatives of Gonsalvo Clagett, Esq., the husband of her youngest daughter, she was overtaken by her last illness. A lady of intelligence and accomplishments, inheriting from her distinguished ancestors a ready command of language, and gifted with a peculiarly cheerful temperament, she was always a favorite in the society in which she moved, and her death will be deeply lamented wherever she was known. At the time of its occurrence, she had been for thirty years a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church—by whose impressive ceremonies, in 1830, she was married—and she departed this life a zealous and faithful member of that communion.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

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And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 ☞ subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

A REVERIE AND A SONG.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I

When I do sit apart
And commune with my heart
She brings me forth the treasures once my own:
Shows me a happy place
Where leaf-buds swelled apace,
And wasting rims of snow in sunlight shone.

Rock, in a mossy glade,
The larch trees lend thee shade,
That just begin to feather with their leaves;
From out thy crevice deep
White tufts of snowdrops peep,
And melted rime drips softly from thine caves.

Ah, rock, I know, I know
That yet thy snowdrops grow,
And yet doth sunshine fleck them through the tree,
Whose sheltering branches hide
The cottage at its side,
That never more will shade or shelter me.

I know the stockdove's note
Athwart the glen doth float;
With sweet foreknowledge of her twins oppress'd,
And longings onward sent,
She broods before the event,
While leisurely she mends her shallow nest.

Once to that cottage door,
In happy days of yore,
My little love made footprints in the snow
She was so glad of spring,
She helped the birds to sing,
I know she dwells there yet—the rest I do not know.

They sang and would not stop,
While drop, and drop, and drop,
I heard the melted rime in sunshine fall;
And narrow wandering rills,
Where leaned the daffodils,
Murmured and murmured on, and that was all.

I think, but cannot tell,
I think she loved me well,
And some dear fancy with my future twined,
But I shall never know,
Hope faints, and lets it go,
That passionate want forbid to speak its mind.

II.

She was but a child, a child,
And I a man grown;
Sweet she was, and fresh, and wild,
And, I thought, my own.
What could I do? The long grass growth,
The long wave floweth with a murmur on;
The why and the wherefore of it all who knoweth?
Ere I thought to lose her she was grown—and gone.

This day or that day in warm spring weather,
The lamb that was tame will years to break its tether.
"But if the world wound thee," I said,
"come back to me,
Down in the dell wishing—wishing, wishing for thee."

The dews hang on the white may,
Like a ghost it stands,
All in the dusk before day
That folds the dim lands:

Dark fell the skies when once belated.
Sad, and sorrow-fated, I missed the sun;
But wake, heart, and sing, for not in vain I waited.
O clear, O solemn dawning, lo, the maid is won!
Sweet dews, dry early on the grass and clover,
Lest the bride wet her feet while she walks over;
Shine to-day, sunbeams, and make all fair to see;
Down the dell she's coming—coming, coming with me.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 16.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

There occur many passages in the Holy Scriptures on the subject of marriage, that seem strangely at variance with all our western ideas. We begin with one in Gen. xxix, 25. "In the morning behold it was Leah."

To us, it appears difficult to understand how such a deception could be practised; but with the prevalent custom of society in all parts of the East, nothing can be easier. Among the better classes, the bride is always selected by another, and the groom never meets his future wife face to face, till the marriage ceremonies are completed. During all the nuptial feastings and rejoicings, which usually last seven days, as specified in the case of Samson and others, the bride is closely veiled, and remains so, until she has been conducted to her husband's tent or private apartments. Then, for the first time he sees the *unveiled* loveliness of his spouse; and thus such a deception as that practised by Laban, would not be discovered, till it was too late for it to be rectified. Similar cases frequently occur in eastern countries, where the strongest prejudice exists against marrying a younger before an elder daughter. Rev. Mr. Hartly, in his "researches in Greece," mentions an Armenian of Smyrna, who solicited a young girl in marriage, at the hands of her parents, they readily consented to his proposals; but when the time for solemnizing the marriage arrived, an elder sister was conducted by the parents to the altar, and the Armenian unconsciously married her. When the mistake was discovered, the marriage had been already consummated, and the treacherous father offered only Laban's excuse in extenuation. So strenously unyielding are the Gentoos of India, on this point, that when a very acceptable or advantageous match is proposed to a parent, for a younger daughter, he will resort to various artifices, and hold out all sort of inducements to get rid of the elder in time to meet the proposals for the younger. The only permitted exception is where the elder is blind, deaf, or otherwise deformed.

In connection with Leah, we glance briefly at the subject of *divorces*. So common are these in Western Asia, that the words of Leah's self-gratulation, after the birth of her sixth son, seem perfectly natural to an Oriental reader. "Now my husband will *dwell* with me, because I have borne him six sons." By all eastern people, *male* offspring is earnestly desired, and for a wife to be childless, or the mother of *girls* only, is not simply a reproach to her, but it is deemed sufficient ground for a separation from her husband—either divorce outright, or banishment from his presence, and a deprivation of all her rights as a wife. And between the despotic power of eastern rulers, the careless administration of the laws, and the low repute in which women is held by the stronger sex, it is an easy matter for her to be despoiled of her social and civil rights, if indeed she has any, at the will of her tyrant; from whose decisions she has no appeal.

Among the Arabs, a husband has only to pronounce the simple words: *Ent taleka*, "thou art divorced," even though spoken in careless haste, or under the excitement of anger, to constitute a legal divorce. In some parts of the East, "marriages of limitation," as they are called, are considered neither disreputable nor illegal—ie., a man, by the payment of a stipulated dowry, takes a woman to be his *lawful wife*, with all a wife's privileges, *for a stated period*, and when the time expires, the marriage is thereby annulled, without further ceremony. Should the parties choose to continue together, there must be a new contract, and all the nuptial ceremonies repeated, just as in the first instance, except that the wedding-feast lasts only *three days*, as when a *widow* is the bride, instead of seven as required at the marriage of a virgin. Such a marriage seems to have been alluded to by the prophet Hosea, in chap. iii, 2, 3—and in his day, it was probably not an uncommon case. The gross immoralities likely to arise from this perversion of the marriage relation, together with the frequency of divorces, and other abuses, doubtless gave rise to our Lord's prohibition on this subject; as well as the exhortation, at a later day, of an inspired apostle; "Let every man have (retain) his own wife, and every woman have (retain) her own husband." 1 Cor., vii, 2.

The manner of selecting or "taking a wife," as the Scriptures express it, is to us another strange feature of the marriage question. Abraham did not send his son to Mesopotamia to select a wife in accordance with his own taste; but he sends a trusty *servant* to obtain from the father's "own country and kindred," one upon whom the parents had already agreed. So Hagar took for her son "a wife of the daughters of Egypt;" and so all over the East, at the present day, parents select wives for their sons as naturally as they provide them with food and clothing and the means of education. It is not until they are married that a parent considers himself absolved from the care of his children, either sons or daughters; but after that they are expected to provide for themselves. Under the existing customs of Oriental society no social intercourse between the sexes being permitted, and a young man never being allowed to see an unmarried lady, except his own near relatives, it would be utterly impossible for him to select a wife for himself with any view to her adaptation, physically, mentally or morally to his peculiar tastes. But he can delineate them to his mother, and she besides being acquainted with her son's special proclivities, has an opportunity of visiting freely in families where there are marriageable daughters of suitable rank; and thus, doubtless in almost every case, she makes a far wiser selection for her sons than they could possibly do for themselves under the disabilities of their social position.

When all the preliminaries have been arranged, and the time fixed for the nuptials to take place, the *first* invitations are sent out. *Ones sending* would, by us, be deemed sufficient, but it is not so in the East. The guests receive their first summons many days—it may be weeks before the entertainments come off; and when the feast is really prepared, then a servant is sent round to every invited guest, and in the very language of Scripture bids him "come, for all things are now ready." All who expect to be present at the nuptials are in readiness when this *second* summons comes, and repair at *once* to the house of feasting. Unpunctuality is deemed a gross insult to the host, and insures the exclusion of the tardy comer. This is true of *all* festivals, but applies with special force to *wedding* feasts.

In some Eastern countries the bride, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of young maidens, and attended by her parents and relatives is escorted with great pomp to the house of the bridegroom, and the feasting takes place there—the ladies assembling with the bride in one suite of apartments and the gentlemen with the groom in another—the two most important personages in the drama, not meeting until the days of feasting are ended, and the guests withdrawn.

But in Western Asia the bridegroom goes to receive his bride at her own home, and escorts her to his mansion, the guests assembling first at the residence of the bride, and accompanying her to the home over which she is in future to preside.

In high life these marriage processions are attended with great pomp; and the cool and quiet of the night are nearly always preferred for them. Lamps and torches are thus brought into requisition; and where the bridegroom has to come a considerable distance the time of his arrival is uncertain, and is frequently delayed long beyond the expected season. Tired with watching, many fall asleep; the lamps or torches of some having burnt out, in their drowsiness, they fail to replace them; and all, fatigued with tedious expectation, are listless and inattentive. But suddenly, without any previous warning, reverberating through the night's solemn stillness peals forth the summons—cries proclaiming in the very language of Scripture: "The Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Hasten to congratulate your friend, and join yourselves to those who are about to enter with him to the marriage feast." Thus aroused the slumberers look around for their torches. In a moment the bridegroom appears, borne aloft in the arms of a friend; and those who by previous forethought have provided *extra* lights for such an emergency are joyfully ready to hail his appearance, and enter with him the house of feasting. Immediately *the door is shut*, and thus it remains, locked and guarded till the ceremonies are over; leaving those who had neglected to make provision for delay to mourn "in outer darkness" the sad results of their folly. They have not shown themselves the true friends of the bridegroom by doing him honor on this joyful occasion. Hence *he does not recognise them as friends*, and *strangers* have no claim to admission. Expostulations, excuses and entreaty are alike vain—whoever may be left out, there is no help for it—the bridegroom having entered, and the door closed behind him, *it is opened no more*. How strikingly significant, in view of these Oriental marriage scenes, is the beautiful parable of the "Ten virgins," recorded in Matt. xxv. 1—12, and how appropriate the solemn warning of our Lord: "*Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.*"

Indian Cunning.

The Indians of the Western plains are gradually thinning out before the swarming emigrants. They are probably doomed to extinction, but they are often shrewd in avoiding dangers, and gaining advantages over the whites. The following is a good instance of their cunning:—

We hear a great deal about Yankee tricks—but a private letter from a soldier out on the plains, shows that the red-skins have some shrewdness. Says the writer:

"A part of our troop had been on trail of a small band of Sioux, and they had dodged us, and bothered us, and beat us, until we determined to have them, let come what might.

"One day we came upon them, and it appeared so suddenly, too, that there was no chance for them to escape. Each man seated himself squarely in his saddle, and with revolver in hand, we dashed on.

"There squat each identical Sioux on his pony, just as though we were miles away, and as stoically indifferent as though they did not care for us.

"As we, at full gallop, drew near, the officer in command felt that we were running into some trap; but it was too late to sound a retreat, and on we went. I think the distance between us and the Sioux and their ponies was just twelve feet before a single red-skin moved a muscle; then, quicker than you could say 'scat!' off from the shoulders of each identical Sioux came the fiery-red blanket he wore, and up and down it was shaken vigorously in the very faces of our horses.

"We had boasted a great deal over those horses, and they would do anything we wanted them to—that is to say, they would drive through a prairie fire, alongside a bull buffalo, through a prairie dog village, and over dead Indians—but I tell you you ought to have seen them, to a horse, turn tail, and run from those blankets.

"We were going along so nicely, and each trooper was so eager to make a sure thing of his red-skin, that we let the horses have it much their own way, and we repented of it.

"Just as frightened as they could be, they paid no attention to curb, and away they went in every direction. Troopers were sprawling on the ground, and others were clinging to horses' manes, with both feet not only out of the stirrups, but pointing up in the air.

"It was the worst stampede I ever saw—and I have looked on 'some' in my day.

"If the Sioux had followed up, they might have made a few scalps, but they seemed so well pleased with the result of their trick, that those who were unhorsed near them, say they disappeared as if they had gone down through the earth.

"When our troop assembled, we, one and all, declared that the thing was the best of the kind we had ever heard of, but determined that we would pay them back for it one of these days with a will."

☞ When "Nicholas Nickleby" came out in monthly parts, just before it reached its conclusion, a London dramatist fixed it up for the stage. In his drama he made Smike become the acknowledged son of Ralph Nickleby, and his heir, and succeed to prosperity and happiness. This was really Dickens's idea of ending off with Smike. He killed Smike in order to revenge himself on the dramatist; and so gave to the world, by that accidental turn, a pathetic scene that is next only to the description of the death of Little Nell.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ A Michigan man, who was some time since separated from his wife after several years of married life, recently advertised under an assumed name for a wife, and as it happened the woman answered the advertisement. Letters passed, and finally they met, with mutual surprise. But all ended happily, as they resolved to forget the past, and to try again, determined to be happy together.

MRS. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

A lady of Richmond, Va., thus discusses, *a la* Hamlet, the question of female suffrage:

To vote, or not to vote, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler to forego the suffrage
And bear the arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or take arms against our sex's troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To live—to wed—
No more; and by a marriage say we end
The heartache, only to nurse the little ills
Women are heir to—'tis a consummation
Not for Joseph, if the Court herself doth know;
And that she doth is most indubitable.
To vote—to act—to act, perchance, a farce; ay,
There's the rub; for by this act what fights may come,
When we have shuffled off our crinoline?
This makes us pause; this, too, is the respect
That makes calamity of woman's suffrage:
For who would bear the kicks and cuffs of men,
The oppressor's fists, our lord's contumely,
Assault and battery, and the law's delay,
The insolence of bummers, and the spurns
That patient women from rough loafers take,
When, to avoid it, she could stay at home
And use her bodkin? Who would muskets bear,
Or groan or sweat under a mechanic's life,
But for the pleasures of Emancipation—
The rich Golconda, from whose gaping jaws
The flesh pots yawn in tantalizing plenty?
But there's the afterclaps! This puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to the horrid inexpressibles.
Thus cowardice makes babies of us all;
And thus our petted suffrage resolutions
Are sicklied over with the pale cast of fear;
And enterprise of glorious ballot stuffing
Must fade, alas, because our suffering sex
Dare not imbibe the soul-inspiring rye
To give us vim and action.

The Old Black Bull.

Old John Bulkley (grandson of the once famous President Chauncy,) was a minister of the Gospel, and one of the best educated men of his day in the wooden-nutmeg state, when the immortal (or ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull was "round," and in his youth.

Mr. Bulkley was the first settled minister in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Conn. It was with him as afterward with good old Br. Jonathan (Governor Trumbull, the bosom friend of General Washington), good to confer on almost any matter, scientific, political, or religious—any subject, in short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. As a philosophical reasoner, casuist, and good counsellor, he was "looked to," and abided by.

It so fell out that a congregation in Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to loggerheads, and were upon the apex of raising "the evil one," instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed, and split upon. The very nearest they could come to a mutual cessation of hostilities was to appoint a committee of three to wait on Mr. Bulkley, state their case, and get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with great attention to their conflicting grievances.

"It appears to me," said the old gentleman, "that this is a very simple case—a trifling thing to cause you so much vexation."

"So I say," says one of the committee.

"I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley," said another.

"No case at all," responded the third.

"Is ain't, eh?" fiercely answered the first speaker.

"No, it ain't, sir!" quite as savagely replied the third.

"It is anything but a trifling case, anyhow," exclaimed number two, "to expect to raise a minister's salary and that new steeple, too, out of our small congregation."

"There is no danger of raising much out of you, anyhow, Mr. Johnson," spitefully returned number one.

"Gentlemen, if you please," beseechingly interposed the sage.

"I did not come here, Mr. Bulkley, to quarrel," said one.

"Who started this?" sarcastically asked Mr. Johnson.

"Not me, any way," number three replied.

"You don't say I did, did you?" says number one.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen!"

"Yes, Mr. Bulkley," says Johnson; "and there's old Winkles, too, and here's Deacon Potter, also."

"I am here," stiffly replied the deacon, "and I am sorry that the Rev. Mr. Bulkley finds me in such company, sir!"

"Now, gentlemen, brothers, if you please," said Mr. Bulkley, "this is ridiculous!"

"So I say," murmured Mr. Winkles.

"As far as you are concerned it is ridiculous," said the deacon.

This brought Mr. Winkles up, standing.

"Sir!" he shouted, "sir!"

"But, my dear sirs," beseechingly said the philosopher.

"Sir!" continued Winkles, "sir! I am too old a man, too good a Christian, Mr. Bulkley, to allow a man, a mean, deep laable toad like Deacon Potter—"

"Do you call me—me a deep' cable toad?" menacingly cried the deacon.

"Brethren," said Mr. Bulk ley, "if I am to counsel in your differenc e, I must have no more of this unchristian like bickering."

"I do not wish to bicker ," said Johnson.

"Nor I don't want to, sir," said the deacon, "but when a man alls me a toad—a mean, despicable toad—'

"Well, well, never m ind," said Mr. Bulkley; "you are all too r uch excited now; go home again, and wait patiently; on Sunday evening next I will have prepared and sent to you a written op inion of your case, with a full and free avo wal of most wholesome advice for preservi ng your church from desolation and your selves from despair." And the committee le ft to await his issue.

Now it chanc ed that Mr. Bulkley had a small farm, so me distance from the town of Colchester, an d found it necessary, the same day he wrote the opinion and advice to the brethren of t he disaffected church, to drop a line to his fa rmer regarding the fixtures of said estate. H aving written a long and of course elo quent "essay" to his brethren, he wound up the day's literary exertions with a dispatch to his farmer, and after a reverie to himself he directs the two documents, and the next moment dispatches them—but, by a misdirection, sends each to its wrong destination.

On Saturday evening a full and anxious synod of the belligerant churchmen took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came a dispatch from the Plato of the time and place—Rev. John Bulkley.

All quiet and respectful attention. The moderator took up the document and broke the seal open, and—a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the features of the worthy president of the meeting.

"Well, Brother Temple, how is it—what does Mr. Bulkley say?" and another pause followed.

"Will the moderator please proceed?" said another voice.

The moderator placed the paper on the table, took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips—replaced his specs upon his nose, and, with a very broad grin, said—

"Brethren, this appears to me to be a very singular letter, to say the least of it!"

"Well, read it—read it," responded the wondering hearers.

"I will." The moderator began—

"You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built up high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull!"

There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the meeting; the moderator dropped the paper to a "rest," and gazed over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word.

"Repair the fences," muttered the moderator, at length.

"Build them strong and high!" echoed Deacon Potter.

"Take special care of the old black bull!" growled half the meeting.

Then another pause ensued, and each man eyed his neighbor in mute mystery.

A tall and venerable man arose from his seat; clearing his voice with a hem, he spoke—

"Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of your learned adviser. To me nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such a profound and applicable reply to us as we should have hoped and looked for from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences is to take heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Maker's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold. And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, and who has already broken into our enclosures and sought to desolate and lay waste the grounds of our church."

The effect of this interpretation was electrical. All saw and took the force of Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and unanimously resolved to be governed by it; hence the old black bull was put *hors du combat*, and the church preserved in union.

The effect produced on the farmer by the communication intended for the church, history does not record.

The Art of Reticence.

But there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which it is not wished should be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing oneself to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterward *ars celare artem*, in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of person that you find out he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of this seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidences together. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did in the beginning. You cannot lay your finger on a fact that would in any way place them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you it is because they are reticent for you as well as toward you; perhaps because they are good-natured, perhaps because they despise you for your very frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things, not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see they gave nothing back for their own part—rather by the jugglery of manner made you believe that they were giving back as much as they were receiving! Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if you could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended. In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance absolutely secret, cautious, never taken off their guard, never seduced into dangerous confidences, as careful for their friend as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and, by their habitual reticence, raising up barriers at which gossip halts and rumor dies.

☞ SILENT INFLUENCE.—If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on our brain. These traces, which, under ordinary circumstances, are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement, start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

☞ A wedding in Bridgeport, Conn., was interrupted for a moment, the other day, by an apparently sane gentleman, who stepped up to the bridegroom at the altar, tapped him on the shoulder, and said in an audible whisper: "Before this little affair goes any further, I would like to know one thing—who will build the fires?"

POEM BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[A correspondent of The Daily News of London has rescued the following verses, by Charles Dickens, from the obscurity of an old annual edited by Lady Blessington in 1844. They are entitled, "A Word in Season;" and perhaps they are as timely now when certain ministers are asking whether Dickens was a Christian as they were twenty-six years ago:]

They have a superstition in the East,
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Or rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name
In any characters, its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard their leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation:
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters:
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door
Of charity and light for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
The best high-churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places:
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men and curse each other),
Walks through the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

AN EPISODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY SARA T. SMITH.

I awoke that morning, trembling and shuddering, from a heavy sleep. A nameless horror overshadowed me like a cloud. Vague remembrances of dreams in which I had endured an agony of fear, hung on the outskirts of my mind, and as I strove to grasp them to confront them steadily, fled away into the unexplorable chaos. I sat up in bed and lifted my heavy hair away from my forehead, holding it out with both hands. My little room looked dull and cheerless. Through the curtainless window I saw the day threatened rain. A dull gray sky gloomed over the leaden sea that came in with long sullen washes upon the ragged beach. A solitary bird, skimming the surface, dipped one white wing into the heaving horror, and rose against the wild wind with discordant clanging cries. Not a soul was in sight, and the hotel, inside as well as out, was silent as the grave.

I tried to rise, but sank back among the pillows. My toilet, simple as it was, (for I was just recovering from a long, long illness) was a thing impossible to me in the nervous state to which I was reduced. Yet to lie there fearing I knew not what, listening with straining ears for a sound that would freeze my blood if it came, was something too terrible for me to contemplate unmoved. I *must* get up, I *must*—

Aunt Lizzie's hand was on the door even then. She came in fresh and smiling.

"My dear," she said, "Beaufort has come back for another week."

My heart gave a great bound of relief. Beaufort was my dearest friend. I had known him for years and I loved him second to none. Where Beaufort was I was safe, and the horror vanished.

"Aunt Lizzie," I said, "I have been sick, but now am well. Help me to dress, will you, sweetness?" And then I laughed. Beaufort was nigh.

Aunt Lizzie hung around me with tender care during the next half hour. At the end of that time, seated in my own easy chair, cosey and comfortable, I loosed the long braids in which I wore my hair to brush its glossy length. Aunt Lizzie coming towards me with combs and brushes, paused at the window. When she turned back into the room, she brought the horror with her. I saw it on *her* face.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie!" I cried, what is it? Oh, what is it?"

She hurried to me and took me in her arms, saying in soothing tones, "My child, it is nothing—really nothing. I only thought I saw some one I dislike very much. Why, Agnes dear, what is the matter? Do be calm. Indeed it is nothing."

I clung to her, trying to be calm and to believe her, while I could not but see she was anxious and agitated. She was so kind and patient with me that I soon grew quiet. Then she kissed me. "Beaufort is in the room on the right of this, my darling," she said. "If you get frightened, call him, for I must leave you a little while."

"For what?" I asked.

"You are so excited that I am a little afraid for you, and I must go for some medicine. You have been so well of late that the bottle is quite empty and dry. See!" She held it before me and shook it with a smile that reassured me. The door opened and shut noisily behind her, and I was alone.

The echo of her footsteps had scarcely died in the long corridor, when there was a quick, sharp knock at my door. I rose and opened it. A waiter, white-aproned and white-gloved, stood bowing before me with a letter—a letter on satin-laid paper, sealed with armorial bearings, and shedding the faint, sickening odor of an Eastern perfume through the room. It struck me like a sword. I knew it, I knew it well! The sorrow of my life, the sufferings of years were wafted back to me on the wings of that subtle drug. Here it was again—for the third time! The horror that was worse than death.

A door near me opened and shut quickly, and a light, firm step rang down the hall.

"Beaufort!" I cried, brushing past the astonished waiter. "Oh, Beaufort, are you going away? I am so frightened. Oh, wait for me!"

He turned. I saw the grave, grand face, and clung to his outstretched hand with the grasp of terror.

"My poor child!" he said, putting back the loose tresses from my face, and holding me firmly in the strong, clasping arm. "Why, what has frightened you so? I was only going out for a walk. Come back to your room, and when you have braided up the long night of this deep hair you shall go with me."

"Oh, the letter, Beaufort!" I said, shuddering, as he led me towards my room.

"What letter?" he said.

I held it up to him. "This—from him! I know, I know it is from *him!*"

"Is it?" he asked, speaking through his shut teeth. "How did you get it?"

"The waiter brought it just as you came out of your room. I cannot read it, Beau," I said, piteously. "Will you read it for me?"

He glanced at it. "No, Agnes dear," he answered gravely, looking down at me with the blue eyes whose slightest glance had power to soothe and strengthen me. "The letter is to you; but if you wish, you can read it in *my* presence. I will wait for you in Aunt Lizzie's room."

He loosed his clasp of me, and smiling, closed the door between us. With him went the little strength and calm I had possessed. Vainly I strove to finish dressing. The letter, lying white and inanimate on my bureau, might have been a fiend incarnate in its effect upon me. The horror grew and deepened. Then, strangely enough, it changed from the letter to a vague and unknown something against which the letter was to ware me. Was I dreaming, or was I going mad? I could not wait to dress. I must open the letter—I dare not open it alone. I would go to Beaufort as I was. And snatching it up, I opened the door and hurried into the hall.

As I fled along it towards Aunt Lizzie's room, a man waiting at the head of the stairs turned and looked at me. I went on without pausing, but from that moment I lost myself. Where was I? I tried to call to him, to any one, for as I looked at him I seemed suddenly to be a long way off. The hall stretched away, away before me into illimitable space. I hurried on, I knew not where. A door opened, and I passed through it into the open court, vast and crowded with people, who came and went without noticing me. "Where is Beaufort?" I asked them. And they laughed and said, "Coming," or "Waiting," I knew not which. Back again in the hotel, I mounted endless flights of stairs, and crossed strange rooms, where more people read and talked and ate and drank, but seemed never to see me flitting on, with dishevelled hair and half-completed toilet. Where was I? Vain to ask. I came at length in my wanderings to a hall dark and lofty-looking, richly carpeted and strangely familiar, like a place one has seen in the earliest light of childhood's dawn. I felt cheered by it, I knew not why, and there came over me a dim foreshadowing of a pleasure to be reached at the far end. Suddenly that feeling left me, and I found that I was not, that I had not been alone in this strange, aimless search after my lost self. There was some one with me. It seemed to me some one I know. Now it was even Beaufort, then it was the man who waited at the head of the stairs—again it was the writer of the letter, but changed from when I saw him last to what he was in the early days. So changing ever, yet ever there, some one walked with me whom I could not see, because they were ever behind me, or on the side away from my face, until we came to a door draped with a heavy curtain. I shuddered and vainly strove to pause. A power I could not resist urged me forward across the threshold of that accursed room. It was dark and bare. A single chair, and a table on which lay something shrouded beneath a cover like the leaden sea was all it contained. I went up to the chair, placed close to the table, and sat down, dumb with terror, yet knowing well what lay beneath that awful veil. Then for a time, long or short I know not, all was still, still, still. My very breath seemed hushed, and my terror ended by a calm that was the end of all things. I ceased to expect, to think, to endure. I was an atom in an infinity of space to which annihilation was as impossible as change.

Suddenly this calm was broken up. A tide of recollections swept back upon me. The dread returned, but with it an accompanying strength that gave me a feeling of hope. I moved—I started up—oh, death in life! the awful something stirred beneath its shroud. I saw the movement of muffled hands, the quiver of death-stiffened limbs, even the sharp outline of a lofty brow and chiselled nose. At the same moment there rose before my mind's eye with startling distinctness an engraving seen years before—a portrait of a woman beautiful and evil, great and vile. Something whispered to me that when those hands should reach the face-cloth and turn it back, I would be looking eye to eye upon that dream-like loveliness untouched by decay, but fearful with the lapse of ages of retribution. How could I endure it and live? The woman of all others most awful to me in the record of her life—tenfold—yes! a thousand fold—yes! unspeakably awful to me in this hour of horror, in this guise of death-mocked life! And the hands were freeing themselves, were moving, were mounting! The cloth was stirring, was folding down—down—oh, my God!

I was in a room larger than mine at the hotel, but like it, and looking on the sea. A woman, pale and even beautiful, with an awful beauty stood before me. Behind me was the unseen presence. The mists were still there, but rising a little surely. Still—was *this* the shrouded figure? Was I dead or alive? Was that Beaufort leaning on my chair? I tried to ask, to look at the woman steadily. She moved her hand—raised it with a quick, imperative gesture. From behind me—a voice, sweeter than a flute, spoke to me in reply. It was a song in its sweetness that entranced me. I tried to turn towards it, but a langour too delicious to resist stole over me. I moved my hand as the woman had done, and it spoke again. I could not hear the words, but I knew their meaning instantly. It was a command—an entreaty. It was a prayer, it was a caress. What was heaven to this? I cared for nothing. Yes! I would obey. Yes! I would yield. Yes! yes! yes! I put up my hand to the figure bending over my chair. It came—led by the gesture. I was to see it at last. It was *there*.

I saw a face like a Greek god's. A face I had seen before wanting the light of heaven it wore now. It was very near me. So near the liquid splendor of the eyes dazzled me—so near the cheek rounded, and bearded with raven flocs, cold with intensity of passion—struck me with a chill—so near, the red, red lips drew out my soul with every breath. I rose up wildly, stretching my arms and murmuring strange words. The face rose with me, rose above me. Some one was holding me against a beating heart. The voice sounded again, now near, now far. I put up my arms and folded them round a living form. I strove to speak. The face bent low, bent lower—the red lips parted.

A sudden pain and a wild terror possessed me in an instant. I uttered a cry. A change, awful to contemplate, flashed over the face.

"By heaven! she is right. It is too late! She is saved!" rang out the flute-like tones, with a passionate discord in their unutterable sweetness. The arms unwound themselves from about me, and I sank into the chair. A strange confusion raged around me. The woman's face, livid with passion, flashed up for an instant from the blackness of night. A voice, with a strange echo of the flute notes was uttering wild oaths that terrified me. Strange figures swayed before me, hurried towards me—retreated—mocked me like the phantoms of a dream. I awoke suddenly as from a dream. Bending over me I saw the face of my own doctor, agitated, excited, anxious—and beyond him I saw Beaufort.

"Oh, Beau! Beau!" I cried out wildly. "Oh, Beau, save me!"

And then I was in his arms, gathered up close to his breast, and he was kissing me, soothing me, thanking heaven in broken words. I was saved.

It was a long time before I was well enough to know *how* or *from what* I had been saved. Aunt Lizzie hung over me with thankfulness too deep for words, hovering near me night and day, never leaving me alone for an instant. Beaufort came daily to sit by my side. Softly smoothing my poor head with a hand tender as a woman's, he could soothe me to sleep in my most restless moments, and they were many. Of what had caused my illness I remembered nothing. Once I asked, and they told me I had had a great shock to my nervous system and must keep quiet. Now and then in dreams the flute-like voice came back to me, always sweet, sweet, unutterably sweet, and with no associations of fear or trouble.

I was sitting up again near the open window. Beaufort had come in for our daily reading, but sat silent, his eyes upon the sea. It was a day among a thousand. The sea sparkled like a bride adorned with jewels. The air was balmy. The sky of an azure too deeply, clearly blue to bear looking into. The beach before the hotel was crowded with the gay loiterers of a watering place, and more than one kindly smile or nod was directed to my window. I was indolently, but completely happy.

A tall man suddenly appeared among the others walking up from the beach. A man, whose whole appearance of careless elegance and ease bespoke the "dweller in the inner courts" of fashionable life, and was so striking that to see him once was to remember him forever. He had arrived since I was last down stairs. "Who is that, Beau?" I questioned, bending forward for another look. Just at that instant he raised his eyes to the window with the air of one who has an interest in what he looks for. One quick, sharp thrill shot through me. His face grew pale as death. Beaufort laid his hand on my arm and spoke steadily—

"Agnes, do you remember this?"

It was a letter on satin-laid paper, sealed with armorial bearings, and shedding the subtle sweetness of an Eastern perfume through the room. I *did* remember it.

"Oh, Beaufort! Was it he? What did he do!"

"The man who wrote this, Agnes, did all he could to atone for the past by saving you from an awful death, and a life still more awful."

Then he told me all, and in the telling brought back to me the recollection of what I have written. When he left me on that morning to go to Aunt Lizzie's room, he found her door locked. Mrs. Patterson looking out from the opposite room, told him Aunt Lizzie had gone for Doctor Oscar, who had just arrived. He had hurried off to join her, and bring her back to me. In the lower hall, a gentleman stopped him—a stranger, of imposing presence.

"You are Beaufort, of Beaufort," he said, "and Agnes Lawrel's friend? She is in danger, of which you know nothing, and you must save her."

"By what right, sir," Beaufort was commencing, when the other spoke again.

"We have no time to waste. I am Roland Darrel, and I have sent her a letter which will warn her, but I feared to trust to it alone. See that she reads it at once, will you?"

He was so excited that Beaufort, forgetting the quick anger roused by his name, hurried to my room. I was gone. Alarmed, he knew not why, he hastened back to Darrel with the tidings.

"God have mercy on us!" exclaimed Roland. "I am powerless, and she will be lost!"

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?" cried Beaufort. Calm yourself enough to explain. It is impossible that in broad day, in a hotel like this, any evil can befall a girl such as Agnes Lawrel, who has never had an enemy save yourself."

"Heaven is my witness"—he commenced—then suddenly changing his tone. "But you are right. I will explain in as few words as possible."

Roland Darrel, in the course of an eccentric, wandering life, where gold had opened to him all doors, and sealed all windows, had fallen at one time into the midst of a "Circle." Some act of kindness had caused relations of more than common interest between him and one of the "mediums." Led on by curiosity, he followed the windings and mysterious operations of Spiritualism far enough to be convinced of its evil origin at least. Wearied at last, he had dropped the subject as he did everything he tired of, but, still continued in a desultory manner, his intercourse with his friend. In the course of their intimacy (for intimacy it was, unequal as were the parties in all respects) many of the secrets of Roland's past had been shared with Downley. The latter knew that between Darrel and a certain Agnes Lawrel there had once existed ties of a most tender nature. Of their separation he was also aware, but not of its cause. In his own heart he cherished a conviction that Roland held her even yet dearer than others. Two days previous, he had presented himself before Roland's astonished sight, with a story as strange as it was villainous. Two of a gang of the lowest grade of mesmerists, a mother and her son, had been prowling about during the summer season, at the various watering places. At one of them, they had fallen in with a young girl of such exquisitely delicate nervous organization, that they had fixed on her as a prize to be secured for their vile exhibitions. Hemmed in as she was by all the barriers, social position, education, and religion could raise between them, their only hope of success was based upon the influence they could gain over her surreptitiously. They had contrived to watch her unobserved, to obtain over her too yielding mind a power of guidance even beyond their hopes. One obstacle alone lay between them and victory—the careful watchfulness of a friend to whom she yielded the most unquestioning obedience. Even that was at length removed. He left the sea-shore for a trip to the mountains, and the time was fixed for the last great stroke. Then, for the first, the name of their victim was made known. It was Agnes Lawrel. It came to the ears of Darrel's friend, and, true to his heart, he had travelled night and day to place her safety in the hands he believed best fitted to hold it. It needed no urging. The past fled away as a cloud before the chill storm-wind, and all the love he had ever borne her, all the sorrow he had caused her, rushed in tenfold strength upon him. Almost maddened with the fear that he might prove to be *too late*, Roland had rushed away before the man had finished his story, and given his ideas as to the best course to be pursued should he arrive in time. His first question that morning had assured him of her safety as yet, and *then*, he remembered for the first time, under what circumstances he had seen her last. Ashamed and fearful to present himself, he had written her a letter. In ten minutes after, his fears returned with redoubled violence. He had learned of Beaufort's arrival, and clinging to the fear of him expressed in the recital as an effectual weapon, had hurried to him. Beaufort's horror as he listened, was more than a match for his incredulity, yet he could not refrain from exclaiming—

"Can there be truth in the statement of their power over her!"

"There can be—there *is!*" Roland answered. "I know enough of it, I believe so much of it as leaves me in no doubt upon that score. You, *yourself*, have power over her. Try to exert it. Fix your thoughts upon her, and command her to think of you. Even now she may be in their power—for I tell you they watch her door day and night to catch her alone. Let us go—let us hasten to find her."

"Do you know these people?" asked Beaufort, his cooler mind taking in all sides of the question.

"Yes. I have seen them. Some time ago they were in the rank of respectable mediums, but the mother is a demoness and the son lives in terror of her. She dragged him down with her through various stages to the vile place they now occupy. She was a perfectly beautiful creature when I first saw her, and Downley says he has inherited all her charms."

"Let us ask if there are any such persons in the house, and where" said Beaufort, hurrying to the office.

A few moments sufficed to prove that there *were* such persons in the house, and occupying two rooms on the second floor of that portion of the hotel opposite to where they were. Aunt Lizzie and the doctor passed through on their way up-stairs while they were speaking. Beaufort stopped them and in a few hurried words explained his fears. In an instant the hotel was in confusion, it appeared. A visit to the room proved them deserted, but a short pause and a few inquiries served to trace them to an adjoining house.

"And then, my dear Agnes!" Beaufort said, putting his arm around me and kissing me. "There we found you, in time to save you from the further insult of that wretch's presence. You may imagine, (for this fertile brain *can*!) our feelings during the brief half hour we sought you. Darrel was in such a state of agonized suspense as to excite sympathy in every heart. He entreated me continually to exert my influence over you in contradiction to theirs, and summoning up all the knowledge I have of such things I tried to do so. Whether I succeeded or not—I cannot say. But at all events, we saved you—darling."

I was crying softly on his shoulder. How many emotions were at work in my heart, I cannot pretend to say. All the vague wanderings of that half hour, all the terror of that shrouded figure returned to me, with a strange, unreal feeling, as if it had and yet had not been. Then the strangely, sweet voice, and the lovely face still so fascinated me that I was conscious of a great pity for the owner. But above all the other fears and doubts, rejoicings and peace, rose a thought that I had never hoped to entertain. Roland loved me, and had blotted out the past with a strong, white hand, white and pure from the stain of cowardly dishonor. I knew this without a question, for did I not know that Beaufort had forgiven him?

"Agnes," said Beaufort, after a silence, "this is not the same letter you carried during all that awful time."

I looked up quickly.

"He wrote *this* just an hour ago, and I promised you should read it, if what I said was not enough. Shall I open *it*, or shall I open *the door*?"

I understood him. Blushing and trembling, my answer was to withdraw from his arm.

"My child, my dear, dear child!" he said gravely and tenderly, laying his hand for a moment on my bowed head. Then I heard the door open. I heard it close. I heard a slow step on the floor near me. I heard a voice—oh! night and day for how long had I yearned for its sound! saying to me—

"Agnes, bid me welcome, for the dear God's sake!"

I rose up and went to him where he stood. He trembled. He was pale. His hands were clinched.

"Unto the end, Roland! Unto the end!" I said quickly, with panting breath. "I told you I would be faithful unto the end. Do you doubt me?"

He seized me with a grasp of iron. Then he staggered and slipped past me, down upon his knee. I drew his dear head against my breast. I kissed the white lids down dropping over the brown eyes. He looked up at me.

"God has given me my heart's desire!" he said reverently, and smiled at me.

"'And their end shall be peace,'" I murmured.

☞ A youthful candidate for epistolary honors wrote the following to a little friend: "Dear Jonnie—I thought I would write you a letter—so answer this letter."

☞ Persons who think that changes of the moon have anything to do with changes of the weather forget that the moon changes every day.

HINTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

It is hardly the thing to be witty
If you are decidedly young;
A girl may be charmingly pretty,
And yet have the deuce of a tongue.
Sharp answers are rather enraging,
When uttered with piquancy cool:
And a girl may be sweetly engaging,
And make a man look like a fool.

To women who flirt and are glossy,
(All feminine softness forgot,)
A well-behaved man may be saucy—
He's surely a spoon if he's not;
They fancy it very delightful
To strike out a path of their own,
But the world is uncommonly spiteful,
And never will let them alone.

So, though I don't wish to be rude, dears,
To you—by the slangy called fast—
Though often the first to be wooed, dears,
You'll find that you're married the last!
Your sentiment's rather too gushing,
Your wit is a little too free;
And women who understand blushing
Men like for their wives, don't you see?

To try by your airs to outdo men,
Is really a wonderful plan;
The loudest and fastest of women
Would make such a very slow man!
And 'twould be the same with us men, dears,
If we tried this mimicry poor;
We should be as ridiculous then, dears;
What girls we would make, to be sure!

Then do not consider it vexing,
Our lives are such different things;
And never attempt at unsexing—
Sure queens are as royal as kings!
You soon will find out what distress is,
Without our strong arms and advice;
Without your quick wit and caresses,
We wouldn't find life half so nice.

An Incident of Travel.

I wonder if one could write a man's history if there remained no record of him beyond his bills? I cannot help thinking that if such a one's bills—receipted or not—for the last quarter of a century were placed before me, I could make a very good guess as to his life; just in the same way as Professor Huxley, on merely seeing one bone, is said to be able to construct the entire animal, antediluvian or otherwise. Certainly, nobody could make more of me than that I was an average Englishman—perhaps I might say a very average Englishman—if they were to take the trouble to analyze this pile of old bills that is lying before me now. They are all old hotel bills, pleasant records—being all paid—of happy sojourns in sunny climes; peaceful memories they bring back of careless holidays and well-earned recreation, and I would not put them in the fire or consign them to the waste-paper basket on any account.

Look at this bill, for instance. Champagne and *dîners à part* figure largely in it. The operation of changing more than one circular note had to be performed before that reckoning could be discharged. I remember it well. Here, again, is another—a perfect contrast. The Sybarite appears, by the items, to have been converted into a hermit. The former bill was incurred at a hotel in my first long vacation, after I had successfully passed the intellectual snares and pitfalls of my little-go. Oh! how fearfully I should be plucked if I were to try to pass such an examination now! The latter represents my mode of living with a *real* reading party in Normandy. We all worked hard—there can be no mistake about that. The pension, I see, was five francs a day; and the wine account must have been considered contemptible by mine host. Here is another batch of a subsequent date. Ah! this was when I was on my honeymoon. The Paris bill is unquestionably heavy; but after that they grow lighter—much lighter. Paying for two, it appears, is a very different thing from paying for one. Here is one, merely a slight reckoning at an inn upon a mountain-pass in Switzerland. Ah! but as I look at it more attentively, I remember that thereby hangs a tale—a somewhat romantic tale; and it is briefly this.

Five and twenty years ago, my wife and I were crossing over into Italy. After we had been slowly ascending for some time, we got out of the carriage, thinking we should get on quite as fast, and, perhaps, more pleasantly, on foot; and by taking short cuts across the zigzags we soon got far ahead of our conveyance. I had been over this same pass twice or thrice before, when a happy—I mean an unhappy—bachelor, and I remembered the by-paths pretty well; and we soon were in sight of the inn where we intended to pass the night, not very far from the summit of the pass. As we toiled on, we overtook a gentleman, apparently an Englishman, and a little boy. I believe that—feeling pretty sure, from the general appearance of the man, that we were compatriots—I said something or other to him, remarked that it was a fine evening, or that the scenery was very grand—I forget what. He, however, made some monosyllabic reply, and did not appear inclined to fraternize; and so we passed on. Still, I took a hasty note of him. He was a man, apparently, of some eight and twenty or thirty years of age, of a delicate frame, and almost feminine countenance. One thing, I particularly noticed—he had a slight but peculiar red mark under the left eye, what Box or Cox might have called a strawberry mark. The boy with him, a child of not more than six years old, was evidently his son, for both I and my wife traced a very strong resemblance between the pair; and the little fellow looked very pale and tired as his father dragged him slowly up the steep ascent. We soon left them far behind, and my wife remarked that it was a curious circumstance that these two should be thus going over the pass; for we had seen no other carriage on the road which could belong to them, and she naturally thought it very hard that such a young child should be forced to make so tedious a journey upon foot. However, when we arrived at our destination, we thought no more of them; and, after a pleasant and appetising supper, in which certain red trout—I read them now in the bill—formed no unimportant item, we strolled out again, and watched the white glories of the rising moon spreading over the highland valley in which we were. When we entered the hotel again, and went into the *salle-à-manger* for some coffee, we discovered the younger of our fellow-toilers, sitting meekly by himself in a corner of the room. A table was spread for supper before him, and he was evidently patiently awaiting the arrival of his father.

His large blue eyes looked tired and sad;

his golden curls hung tangled over his shoulders; no tender hand had cared for him after his weary walk; and I saw the tears standing in my wife's eyes as she whispered to me, "He has no mother to take care of him." This, I thought, was a hasty conclusion to arrive it; and I said so. My wife—wiser than I, I suppose—shook her head and entirely disagreed with me.

We lingered over our coffee for some time longer than necessary. The patient child sat silent in the dark corner; now and then the blue eyes wandered inquiringly towards the door, but found no answer there. An hour passed away; but his father—if the man we had seen was his father, and of this we had no doubt—never came.

"I can't stand this, John," said Laura to me, indignantly. "If somebody doesn't give that poor child his supper, I'll give it him myself."

I remonstrated mildly—"I don't think we have any right to interfere, my dear. No doubt his father is taking a nap up-stairs, and he will wake up and be down directly."

"Nap, indeed!" retorted Laura, rather savagely. Indeed, I had no idea till then my sweet bride could be so savage if she chose. "Nap, indeed! with that darling starving in uncomplaining silence! I've half a mind to ask which is his room, and give him a rousing he won't easily forget."

This, I thought, would be a highly improper proceeding upon Laura's part; and I ventured to say so. She contented herself with repeating, with greater vehemence than before, "Nap, indeed!"

At that moment we heard the heavy sound of the diligence, and the gay jingling of the horses' bells, as it stopped at the door of the hotel. Cold and muffled passengers—for we were some seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—came into the room, and partook of various drinks; but they soon cleared out again. The horses had been changed; and, with a great smacking of whips and loud pealing of bells, the huge diligence pursued its road to Italy.

The pale-faced, golden-haired child still sat quietly in the dark corner. Once or twice the tired head sank upon the little shoulder, and for a moment or two he dropped asleep. Then he would wake up again and stare at the unkind door which, at every opening, brought him no relief.

After the diligence had been gone some twenty minutes, and Laura had got into a state of fidgets which threatened to pass all control, the landlord and head waiter came into the room, looked at the little boy, then talked together volubly, in a whisper, looked at the boy again, and shook their heads in a mysterious manner. Then the landlord advanced straight to where we were sitting.

"A thousand pardons for asking the question; but do Monsieur and Madame know anything of the little gentleman yonder?"

"No, nothing; beyond that Monsieur and Madame passed the little gentleman and his father as they ascended the pass."

"Is Monsieur aware that the father is an Englishman?"

Well, Monsieur had guessed as much, but could not say more.

"Well, it is very strange. It is some time now since these two arrived. The father engaged a room, and ordered a supper. The father had said that his luggage would be deposited by the diligence; but the diligence had come and gone—and, though particular inquiries were made the conducteur was quite sure there was no luggage such as had been described to be deposited at this hotel."

"There must have been some mistake," I replied.

"Not possible. The authorities are very particular in these cases. And where is Monsieur le pere?"

"Gone to sleep in his chamber, probably," I suggested.

"But not at all! It is empty. There is nothing whatever in it. In fact, the gentleman was seen to leave the hotel the moment after he had ordered supper and given instructions about his baggage, and had not returned."

Laura was watching the uncomplaining child. The large blue eyes were directed towards us, as if guessing that he was the object of our conversation. She could not restrain herself any longer; and she rose from her seat, and went up to the child. He shrank a little, I thought, as she approached; but there was something about her face which speedily reassured him.

"You are a little English boy, are you not?" she said, as she sat down beside him.

He murmured, "Yes." But I could see a working in the little white throat; the poor, tired mannakin was striving bravely to keep down his tears.

"You want your supper, do you not?" asked Laura, as with one hand she stroked the golden curls. "You are very tired, and ought to have your supper and go to bed. Where is papa? Was not that your papa who brought you here?"

"Yes, my papa brought me here; and he said we were to have something to eat; and I was to wait here quietly till he came back. Very quietly, he told me, and he should soon be back."

"Would not you like to have your supper at once?" said Laura. "Your papa is taking a longer walk than he intended, and he will be very sorry that you should be so hungry. Shall I ask that gentleman," pointing to the landlord, who had come up to the table, "to bring you something to eat at once?"

"No, thank you; I must wait for my papa."

Entreaties and coaxing were all in vain; and Laura, fearful of distressing him still more, left him alone, and resumed her seat by me.

Nearly another hour passed away. Laura insisted on remaining in the room, and we listlessly studied the *livre des Etrangers*.

By-and-by the silence of the dark corner was broken. The courage of the gallant little mite had given way: he was sobbing as if his heart would break. Laura had him in her arms in a moment.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried, in his bitter agony. "Oh, papa! how could you leave me so long alone! Oh, papa! come back—come back!"

Above his low, sad wail, I heard the sound of persons entering the hotel, and then there was a busy hum of voices; and a minute or two afterwards the landlord, with a strange expression in his face, looked in at the door, and beckoned to me. I hastily left the room. There, at the entrance of the hotel, I found the waiters and other people gathered. Three peasants had just come in, bringing with them something they had found—something which lay in a disfigured heap upon the ground.

They had found this body of a man, I was quickly told, at the bottom of a low cliff about a quarter of a mile from the hotel. Then they uncovered the face, and I at once recognized the man Laura and I had passed on the ascent. Then, as a cold shiver came over me, I heard a cry from within the room I had left.

"My papa has come back—I know he has!" and, before any of us could interfere, the door of the *salle-a-manger* was thrown open, and the pallid, weeping child tottered out, followed hastily by Laura.

"Where is papa? I know he is here?" And, checking his violent sobs, he looked eagerly at the solemn faces around him.

"Why won't you tell me where papa is? Oh! what's that upon the floor?" Then, before any one could stop him, he cast himself down, and laid his cheek by the cold, white lips that never more could kiss him, or breathe a word of love into his ear.

Gentle hands raised him softly, and bore him away to the room the dead man had prepared, and laid him down upon the bed. He seemed to know his own utter desolation, and the paroxysm of grief was strangely stilled. Laura remained with him all night; and, when the first red lights of the rising sun bathed with deep splendor the silent glaciers and the snowy peaks, the young heart had broken beneath its burden, and the weary spirit fled away.

Shortly afterwards—at Milan, I think it was—I saw a copy of the *Times*, and in the second column I saw an advertisement for a man with a red mark under his left eye; and when I returned to England I learned the whole story. This man, who had ever borne the highest character, had got into deep distress, owing principally to the shameful conduct of a friend for whom he had become surety; and in an evil moment he had fallen, and had forged a check for a considerable amount, intending—as such unhappy men always do intend—to replace the money. He failed in doing this, and, conscious that his fraud must infallibly be discovered, he fled from England, taking with him his motherless child. Whether, in a fit of despair, he had thrown himself from the cliff, or whether he had simply missed his footing, it is impossible to say. Father and son rest in one grave, in a churchyard on that mountain height; and, on every anniversary of the awful tragedy, the good peasants place wreaths of immortelles upon the simple white cross that marks the nameless tomb.

Southern Manufactures.

Some of the statements made at the recent Charleston Industrial Convention point to the fact that cotton spinning is likely to become exceedingly profitable at the South. A factory in South Carolina sent packages of yarn to England last spring, and sold them there at a profit of 4½ cents per pound, or about 11 per cent. on the cost of manufacture. It appears that these yarns can be made 5 cents per pound cheaper than at the North, and when sent here for sale, after paying the usual commissions, have returned a profit to the manufacturers of 10 cents per pound. It is said that a Northern manufacturer, who had observed the success of the Southern factories during periods of depression at the North, and had started an experimental establishment in Georgia which yielded $15,000 profit from only 16 frames or 2,400 spindles, while his other factories paid no profit, has moved his entire manufacturing business to the South. It is estimated that the principle of manufacturing goods in the region where the staples are produced, if applied to Southern cotton, would readily save from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 per annum to the South.

THE lay delegation question in the Methodist Episcopal Church is at length settled. The German and Swiss Conference at Carlsruhe, the last to vote on the admission of lay delegates to the General Conference, cast all its thirty-nine votes in favor of the change; and the entire vote of the ministry of the Church is 4,946 for and 1,589 against lay delegation; a majority of more than the three-fourths required to sanction a constitutional reform, the lay members of the Church and the General Conference having already voted in favor of it.

A MACHINE has been invented by Mr. G. W. Grader, of Memphis, which, if but half which is claimed for it be realized, will add largely to the wealth of the South. It is called the "Linter," and by it the waste from the cotton gin known as "motes," and heretofore of no use except as a fertilizer, undergoes a cleansing process, by which it is freed from its impurities and made into a good ordinary cotton suitable for batting or a coarse article of goods. The machine now in operation in Memphis is capable of consuming one million pounds of motes each year at a trifling cost. The Grader Manufacturing Company propose to at once erect mills in each of the cotton-producing states, and the saving which will annually result from their general use may be estimated at millions of dollars.

THE WORD "WHITE."—We take the following from the recent proceedings of the Senate:

After remarks by Messrs. Fowler and Sumner, the vote by which Mr. Sumner's amendment striking out the word "white" from the naturalization laws was adopted was reconsidered—yeas 27, nays 14.

Mr. Sumner's amendment was then rejected—yeas 14, nays 30.

Mr. Warner moved an amendment to extend the naturalization laws to aliens of African nativity and persons of African descent. Adopted—yeas 31, nays 20.

The bill was then reported to the Senate, when the amendments were agreed to, except Mr. Warner's, on which a separate vote being taken, it was concurred in—yeas 30, nays 17.

Mr. Sumner renewed his amendment to strike out the word "white" from the naturalization laws. Lost—yeas 12, nays 26.

The bill then passed, and the Senate adjourned.

☞ A scientific journal says: "It is well known that when the color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same. But it is not so well known that after the application of ammonia, chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment when almost everything else fails."

☞ A young lady in the rural districts likes Mr. Chromo's pictures about as well as anybody's.

☞ THE REASON WHY.—A youngster, after deep meditation, broke out to his father: "Pa! I know why colored people have white palms to their hands and white soles to their feet. When the first colored man was made, he stood on all fours while God was painting him!"

Homeward from the Pacific Coast.

No. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1870.

The party I had joined was a pleasant one. It consisted of a gentleman and his wife from Oakland, on their way to Fort Fetterman, to visit their daughter, who was in garrison with her husband, a young colonel in the army; and another couple from Portland, Oregon, with their three children, nursemaid and four lady friends, bound respectively for New York, Buffalo and Boston. The poor Portland gentleman had his hands pretty full in discharging his arduous duties as leader of so numerous a charge; myself and baggage having been gently recommended through telegraphic orders from head-quarters to the tender mercies of conductors and agents all the way along the route, I had no occasion to add to his heavy responsibilities. Before reaching Ogden we had become pretty well acquainted with all the other individuals of interest in our car, and were travelling along most sociably and pleasantly.

Attached to the train of the "Union Pacific Company," to which we were now all transferred, we found an open car with comfortably cushioned seats for the accommodation of those desirous of obtaining a good view of the Weber and Echo canons, through which we were about to pass. Gladly availing ourselves of the opportunity, several of us took our seats in it, after securing our sections in the Pullman Sleeping Coach; the whistle gave a frantic shriek, and we were under-way once more. For a distance of upwards of sixty miles we were borne along through a continuous succession of natural marvels.

There was the "Devil's Gate" before us as we passed the blackest of the buttresses that guards the entrance to Weber canon, and we skirted along the banks of the Weber river that dashed furiously past us toward the pleasant fields, through which, after leaving these rocky confines, it finds its way to its outlet in the Great Salt Lake we were leaving behind; and finally we crossed the seething witches' cauldron upon a trestle work bridge 50 feet above it. Then we followed the river through a lovely valley, where everything denoted so far more of green loveliness than in the parched, dusty July when I had seen it before. But ever and anon we would enter a narrowing gorge where massive walls close in and crash out the green meadows, and at one place we darted abruptly through a tunnel 550 feet long.

Near the thousand mile tree, that lone pine sentinel that marks the distance we are here removed from Omaha, is the celebrated "Devil's Slide." How folks do love to invest with this name everything weird and strange in nature! This slide is formed by two ridges of granite rock, narrow slabs from 50 to 100 feet in height, running parallel with each other from the summit of a sloping, now grass-clad mountain, nearly down to our track. The ridges are about 100 feet apart, and the space between was then covered with green grass and wild flowers, forming a truly lovely lawn. In one of my "Going West" letters I said much regarding the strange rock-formations visible throughout the Weber and contiguous Echo canons, the feudal castles, imposing cathedrals and Titanic groups of statuary. Suffice it to say that coming home I found the towering heights, beneath which we seemed to be rushing, the bold bluffs and grand, terrible chasms, if possible more awe-inspiring in their mighty sublimity than they had first appeared to me.

We dined at the "What Cheer House" at Wahsatch, and here in a tent house, 968 miles west of Omaha, were actually regaled with ice-cream. It was not like our Philadelphia ice-cream perhaps, but was quite as good as that of our sister city, New York. The open car was left behind for the use of the outward-bound train, and we took our places in the luxuriant "Pullman Palace." There was a parlor organ on board, a poor wheezy out of tune thing, but as we were in the realms of sage brush and alkali again, we managed to make it serve for the getting up of quite a Sunday afternoon concert. What mellifluous sounds were wafted out upon the desert air only those on board that train can tell, but finally the most energetic of our singers were forced to desist, because two refractory keys of the upper bank would insist upon singing out above all else, even when not requested to do so by touch of hand.

During the morning of this day I had become much interested in an old German gentleman, some seventy-four years of age, who had been paying a visit to one son in San Francisco, and was returning to the home of another son in New York. The poor soul was provided with abundant means to supply his wants, which understanding but a few words of our language he found it almost impossible to make known. I found him in great distress at Ogden, endeavoring to give some directions about his baggage, and as I alone of the passengers possessed a knowledge of the German language, I naturally acted as interpreter. Of course after this my services were called into play at every emergency, affording me and my fellow-passengers as well no little amusement.

We passed Fort Bridger, and numerous Government stations—through all portions of the route where there might otherwise be danger from hostile Indians, government encampments lie very close together. Towards evening we began to come on the Green river country, the singular formation of whose sandstone bluffs is particularly striking. The region was new to me, having passed through it going out by night, and amongst other points that especially interested me, was the deserted Green river city. This town owed its origin to the needs of the workmen of the road when it had reached this point, and was deserted as rapidly as it had sprung up for Bryon and other near railway stations. In September, 1868, there was a population of two thousand, and there were various reasons for hoping it would have a permanent existence. Now, the walls of the buildings whose roofs have been removed to do duty elsewhere, alone remain to tell that here was once a town. The effect is dreary enough. Soon after this, the third night closed upon us.

Monday morning we opened our eyes upon the Laramie Plains at an altitude of 7,129 feet, well on toward the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and through these fine grazing lands, we encountered any quantity of graceful, fleet-footed antelopes. The keen mountain air sharpened our appetites marvellously—and I, for one, did ample justice to the antelope and venison steaks placed before us at the 9 o'clock breakfast at Laramie station. And now followed a succession of sights and scenes of interest all day long. Sherman, at an altitude of 8,242 feet above the level of the sea, the highest elevation touched upon the route, we reached about noon. From this point both Long's Peak, 75 miles to the south-west, and Pike's Peak, 165 miles distant, were both grandly visible. Thence onwards we encountered abundant wild, rugged scenery, and by a little past two we had already reached Cheyenne.

Here a government escort was to meet our Oakland friends to conduct them to Fort Fetterman. They were looking forward with considerable uneasiness to the four days ambulance ride through uncivilized lands, especially the lady, who was a gentle, timid little body—and I shall never forget their delight when upon reaching Cheyenne they found their son-in-law himself in command awiting them. Here we dined, then walked upon the platform and far as we dared go from the train across the fields, enjoying the life-inspiring, invigorating breeze. I inquired of a gentleman, to whom I was introduced here, if this was not considered a healthy locality, and he solemnly assured me that it was so healthy people were obliged to remove elsewhere when they wanted to die. Regretfully bidding adieu to the friends we were here leaving behind, we proceeded onwards.

Prairie-dog settlements we saw in abundance—and it was right funny to observe the queer little inhabitants scampering for their houses at the approach of the train. And now, as the day drew to its close, the mountain breeze increased in power until at last there blew a perfect gale. Our heavy Pullman car, shaken by its fury, rocked to and fro as we dashed along, like a vessel at sea. At one time, indeed, as the twilight deepened, there seemed to be serious cause for apprehension that we might be hurled from our path. It was a cheerless, dreary evening, and the ladies, who had come to look upon me as an old experienced traveller, drew close around me as though they expected me to protect them from danger. I cheered them as best I could, assured them they need fear no disaster while I was on board, as I had a presentiment I was not destined to end my days through a railroad accident—yet I believe we all felt when we sought our berths that night, that possibly we might be in sore need before morning.

Nevertheless a healthful fatigue brought us peaceful slumber this first night, and we had long passed the windy region when morning dawned brightly upon us. Tuesday our way lay through the Platte river country, much of which we had already traversed before daylight. For long hours I was bewildered once more with those fabulous acres of rich prairie land, whose black, fertile soil is fairly groaning to be made available in feeding the starving thousands about our cities. At three, P. M., two hours less than four days since I had started from Colfax, we reached Omaha, and so the terminus of the Union Pacific R. R. My adventures from that point home, shall be recorded next week.

AUBER FORESTIER.

A Curious Coin.

Several large sarcophagi have been laid open to view in Athens. Last Saturday a very interesting one was found. I was present at the time. It was nearly empty, only some mould or earth on the bottom, but upon turning that over, and examining it carefully, what is found? The little thin scale of gold which it was the custom to put in the mouth of the dead to pay Charon his due—the obolus. Everything gone except this little leaf of gold, which was as bright and perfect in shape as when placed there. The coin called the obolus was the sixth of a drachma, and of silver; but the oboli of the dead, at least all that I have seen, were little round gold laminæ. Distinctly impressed on the one above mentioned, though it is as thin as the paper I write on, are the owl, the caduceus of Mercury, and an overturned vase. There are also some letters—eight or ten in all—half of them distinct, but the others utterly undecipherable. Professor Cummanudhes, one of the ablest of the archæologists at Athens, says that this is the first funeral obolus, as far as his knowledge goes, which has been discovered bearing letters. He told me this afternoon that he had worked three hours upon it to-day, but could not decipher it. Quite likely, if the word which those letters formed could be read, it would be the name of the person in whose tomb it was found. How curious if this little scale should preserve to us the name of one so long dead!—*The College Courant.*

☞ The Chinese mob in Pekin recently attacked and killed a number of Christians. On the other hand, the Chinese are constantly abused by the mob of San Francisco, who are threatening to exterminate them; and at North Adams, Massachusetts, an American employed to teach the newly-arrived Chinese the language has been attacked with volleys of stones. Such conduct is to be expected, some may think, of Pagans—but it is hardly consistent in those who call themselves Christians.

☞ President Grant and Senator Sumner are said to have come to an open rupture.

☞ In Chicago, a couple celebrated the Fourth of July by getting married in a balloon.

☞ A French shopkeeper recently gave it in evidence before a committee on the Anglo-French treaty, that there is no market in France for English stockings. The reason assigned was that the French ladies are so much more finely shaped than the English, that stockings made for the one will not fit the other.

☞ A man, whose geographical knowledge is only surpassed by his military genius, declares that the great blunder of the late Fenian campaign was the massing of all the forces behind a barn in Vermont. If they had been divided into three grand army corps—one to environ Canada, the second to beleaguer Malta, and the third to storm the Cape of Good Hope, the liberty of Ireland would have been merely a question of time.

☞ The Chicago Advance, a religious paper, declares that Charles Dickens died of "overwork and the habitual use of intoxicating liquors." The editor of "The Advance" is requested to read St. Paul's chapter on Charity.

☞ In a breach-of-promise case in Liverpool, the presiding judge delivered himself of two aphorisms worthy of preservation. The defendant's counsel, having argued that the lady had a lucky escape from one who had proved so inconstant, the judge remarked that "what the woman loses is the man as he ought to be." Afterward, when there was a debate as to the advisability of a marriage between a man of forty-nine and a girl of twenty, his lordship remarked that "a man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks."

George Sand.

Mr. George W. Childs, has a foreign correspondent for his Publisher's Circular, who gives the following account of the exceedingly methodical way of Madame George Sand in preparing her "copy" for the press. Would that every Bazar correspondent were equally painstaking! "She is extremely methodical in everything relating to the material part of her work. She writes on letter-paper sewed together in a copy-book of ten pages. She places 'lines' under each page, so every pages contains the same number of lines. Each line contains the same number of letters, so that each full copy-book contains almost exactly the same quantity of printed matter. Why? Habit. Besides, it is easy to reckon the manuscript; so many copy-books filled by her are the *minimum* of a printed volume: and it is well known she works by the volume. So long as she has not written 400,000 letters she continues to write; when this number has been attained she begins to think how she shall end the novel. These copy-books, all of the same size, are sent to the printers, who inspect them, and return them to Madame Sand. She has them bound, and her son takes pious care of them. All her heroines are masculine, energetic, judicious; while she is so weak, a child four years old could force her to obey its will. It is evident she envies the superiority with which she endows her feminine characters, and depicts them as she would like to be. She rarely quits her estate. She goes to La Chatre two or three times a year. She has her box at the town theatre, and when she is to honor the performance with her presence the sub-prefect and mayor sink into the back-ground. The performance does not begin until she makes her appearance, and the public do not dream of complaining if, peradventure, she keeps them waiting. As soon as she appears, a boy, posted at the end of the gallery nearest the curtain, bends over, pushes the curtain aside, and bawls to the actors with the Berrichon accent, '*Alle y est!*' (*Elle y est.* She is here!) Instantly three raps are heard, and the leader of the orchestra gives the signal to play the overture. Were she a crowned head she could not be treated differently."

A Valuable Cut.

There is said to be a paper in Philadelphia which has one wood cut. It was engraved originally to represent Arthur Spring, but the proprietor liked it so much that he determined to keep it on hand, and run it into the paper whenever anybody else was hung, or died, or was elected, or made a speech. And so every time a portrait of anybody was wanted, this wood cut was altered to fit it. First the hat was cut down; then the nose was chiseled into various shapes; then the eyes were gouged a little; then the beard was altered and the cheeks hollowed out. It never at its best looked like any human being that had ever existed in this wide world; but that made no difference, for the proprietor always jammed it right in every time, with a fresh name and biographical sketch.

It has served already for Jas. Buchanan, Jeff Davis, Probst, General Grant, Susan B. Anthony, Mayor Fox, Senator Revels, Artemus Ward, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Winnebago, Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Ristori, Asa Packer, Gov. Curtin, and a score or two of others. It is somewhat rusty now, that old wood cut is, but the owner clings to it with unalterable affection, and the first time anybody does anything alarming in it will go again with a new sketch. This won't make so much difference now, because the block is very much worn, and when the picture is printed, you can't tell, to save your life, whether it is intended for a man's face or for a study of a moon in the desert of Sahara.—*Advertiser's Gazette.*

The French and the Frog.

How early in the history of France, as a nation, the frog was associated with the name of that people, it would be difficult to say. Clovis is recognized as the founder of the monarchy in the beginning of the sixth century, and his banner, long retained in the Cathedral of Rheims, had for a device three frogs displayed spread-eagle fashion. The early French princes bore banners with a similar device, the frog being impaled with the *fleurs de lys;* and, indeed, in the time of Agincourt, the three frogs of Clovis were transmogrified, and ever after assumed the form of golden lilies—

"Little floure of gold, with a frogge therein, and therein Monsieur, his phismonye."

Æsop turned the frog to good account, and the Germans have their fables in which the frog takes a leading part. But the French are the only people who really understand the frog. How much La Fontaine owed to the frog! and what can be finer than Doré's illustrations of his fables, in which the frogs are most conspicuous? Under his pencil they are endowed with life. They are reality. They come bounding out of the picture with wonderful celerity, and you listen to hear them splash in the reedy pool. I would give more for one of these drawings than for all of his illustrations of the wandering Jew, for the latter he has not grasped—with the frogs he was quite at home. And how skillfully the French cooks dress a frog.

The Mormons.

Bayard Taylor says, in a recent letter to the *Tribune*:—

"Meanwhile, we must admit that Salt Lake City is one of the most quiet, orderly, and moral places in the world. There are a few Gentile liquor saloons; but the Mormons, as a people, are the most temperate of Americans. They are chaste, laborious, and generally cheerful; and what they have accomplished in 23 years, under every circumstance of discouragement, will always form one of the most remarkable chapters in our history. The Territory does not owe a dollar: the people have established manufactories, built roads and bridges, irrigated wastes of sage-bush, colonized the oases of the interior desert for an extent of 400 miles, and made a nucleus of permanent civilization in the most forbidding part of the continent. We need only to wait a little longer, until they have outgrown the narrowing effects of their long isolation, and the problem of their relation to the Government will solve itself."

☞ We have tidings from Boston of a clergyman of Massachusetts who, on exchange, preached in a brother's pulpit. Taking up a note which he found when he opened the Bible, he read that Brother —— requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification he found afterward that the note had lain in the Bible a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation!

A Sensible Woman.

At the recent meeting of the Boston wing of the woman suffrage party in New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the President, introduced his sister Catherine as one who "brought up a part of him, and was responsible for many of his excellencies, but none of his faults." Miss Beecher thereupon gave her ideas of what woman needs and her reasons for opposing the suffrage movement; and very strong reasons they were. Among other good things, she said:

The "right object" sought is to remedy the wrongs and relieve the sufferings of great multitudes of our sex. The "wrong mode" is that which aims to enforce by law instead of by love. It is one which assumes that man is the author and abetter of all these wrongs, and that he must be restrained and regulated by constitutions and laws, as the chief and most trustworthy method.

In opposition to this, I hold that the fault is as much, or more, with women than with men, inasmuch as that we have all the power we need to remedy all the wrongs and sufferings complained of, and yet we do not use it for that end. It is my deep conviction that all reasonable and conscientious men of our age, and especially of our country, are not only willing, but anxious to provide for the best good of our sex, and that they will gladly bestow all that is just, reasonable and kind, whenever we unite in asking in the proper spirit and manner. It is because we do not ask, or, "because we ask amiss," that we do not receive all we need both from God and men.

Here, then, I urge my greatest objection to the plan of feminine suffrage; for my country women are seeking in only as an instrument for redressing wrongs and relieving wants by laws and civil influences. Now, I ask, why not take a shorter course, and ask to have the men do for us what we might do for ourselves if we had the ballot? Suppose we point out to our State Legislatures and to Congress the evils that it is supposed the ballot would remedy, and draw up petitions for these remedial measures, would not these petitions be granted much sooner, and with far less irritation and conflict than must ensue before we gain the ballot? And is such petitions thousands of women would unite who now deem that female suffrage would prove a curse, rather than a benefit.

And here I will close with my final objection to woman suffrage, and that is that it will prove a measure of injustice and oppression to the women who oppose it. Most of such women believe that the greatest cause of the evils suffered by our sex is that the true profession of woman, in many of its most important departments, is not respected; that women are not trained either to the science or the practice of domestic duties as they need to be, and that, as the consequence, the chief labors of the family state pass is ignorant foreigners, and by cultivatited women are avoided as disgraceful. They believe the true remedy is to make woman's work honorable and remunerative, and that the suffrage agitation does not tend to this, but rather to drain off the higher classes of cultivated women from those more important duties to take charge of political and civil affairs that are more suitable for men. Now if women are all made voters it will be their duty to vote, and also to qualify themselves for this duty. But already women have more than they can do well in all that appropriately belongs to woman, and to add the civil and political duties of men would be deemed a measure of injustice and oppression.

A Thrifty Husband.

A Parisian widower, who greatly regretted his wife, had her buried in the cemetery of Mount Parnasse. He put up no monument of marble or stone—only a small garden and a very small inscription marked the spot where his lost partner lay. First, some nasturtiums were planted over the grave—the deceased was fond of nasturtiums. These were gathered on Sundays and eaten as a salad. This attempt having been successful, bolder measures were adopted, and some little pink radishes grew there, as if by chance. The official in charge of the cemetery said nothing until last autumn, when he became aware of the presence of two enormous melons in the little enclosure. This time police regulations were put in force, and this new form of market gardening was brought to a close by the bereaved husband being requested to withdraw from the cemetery, which he did, complaining bitterly of the cruelty, and saying that he had so particularly valued the vegetables grown upon the grave, and eating them with peculiar satisfaction, because he felt they were offered him by his Zoe.

☞ FRENCH WHITE CLAY.—We are informed by an importer that he sells hundreds of tons of his white clay to the confectioners for making candy. We know of one firm that uses more of this clay than of sugar in the candy, and we purpose giving its name in a future number, as the clay is highly injurious to the stomach.—*Philada. "Medical Independent."*

☞ A PRESUMPTUOUS DARKEY.—At Chicago, on the 8th, a colored youth, named Saunders, employed in a residence in West Washington street, went to the room of a white domestic, named Annie Conlan, and asked her if she would marry him. Receiving an indignant "No," he drew a knife and cut the girl's throat. He then stabbed himself in several places. Both are alive, but in a critical condition.

☞ A contemporary thinks that "one of the most ludicrously consequential beings on earth, is a great man's great man."

☞ The Saratoga hotel-keepers are complaining of "dull times." They state that the rush there is not so great as it was last year.

☞ A French savant, who has investigated the subject, declares that daily work on the sewing machine is not injurious to women.

☞ It is now stated from Washington that Secretary Fish may soon resign. It is also stated that Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to Prussia, and Mr. Motley, Minister to London, are to be recalled.

☞ VERY GOOD.—During a recent interview with Indian Chiefs at Washington, Commissioner Parker asked Little Swan whether his chiefs and young braves would agree with him as to peace and have good hearts. The Chief remarked that he had visited Congress and found the members there disagreeing. It was the same way with his people at home. The question was asked how he became a great chief? He replied, "by his deeds in battle." Some one suggested "by killing people?" "Yes," he quietly responded, "the same as the Great Father in the White House."

The Handwriting of Great Men.

The Duke of Wellington's writing was large and forcible, with no attempt at decoration. During the last ten years of his life, however, his writing was indifferent, and often illegible. None but a compositor in a newspaper office, accustomed to all sorts of hieroglyphics, could possibly decipher the characters. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's Cabinet has not to this day been unraveled. Nine out of every ten of the Duke's letters treasured by autograph hunters were written by his secretary, Mr. Greville, who wrote a hand very much like that of the Duke in his best days.

Lord Brougham's hand betrayed much unconquerable restlessness of impulse. His manuscript was a mass of hieroglyphics; and, according to Dr. Belkinsop, in all Mr. Clowes's extensive printing establishment in London, there was only one man competent to grapple with it, and he often gave up in despair.

The bold and careless freedom of Byron's handwriting, compared to the elegant little prettiness of Tom Moore's, reveals very clearly the peculiar qualities of the two poets. The elegant precision of Mrs. Heman's penmanship, and free but clear and intelligent *abandon* of L. E. Landon's, were equally characteristic of their mental peculiarities.

The Royal family of England have generally written good, clear, and free hands. William IV. wrote a remarkably plain and legible hand, and that of his brother George was showy and fluent. Queen Victoria has an elegant signature.

Locke says the faster a man writes, the slower others read what he has written. Napoleon could write fourteen pages a minute; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of eight blots and a splatter. Some of his lines to Maria Louise appear as if scattered over the paper by the explosion of a bomb-shell.

Horace Greeley's manuscript is very illegible. A wag once observed that the sentence "Virtue is its own reward," written by Mr. Greeley, was rendered by the compositor into "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Hon. Thad. Stevens, the "Old Commoner," wrote an illegible hand. His signature was little more than the scrawled initials, with a short zigzag line following each of them. We once had occasion to write to him, and received a letter in reply which we found it impossible to read, though professing to be apt at deciphering manuscripts. Two weeks afterwards we handed Mr. Stevens the letter. He could not read it himself until we gave him a clew by reminding him of the matter we had made inquiry about.

A president of one of our popular railroads once wrote to an old farmer, requesting him to remove some shedding along the line. The old farmer could not make it out, and believing it to be a free pass, used it as such for a year, none of the conductors presuming to dispute the construction he put upon the scrawl.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

☞ It is contended that trout fishing is not a cruel sport; that the wriggling of the fish on dry land is not indicative of agony, but of ecstasy. It has been taken from the water where there is but little oxygen, into the air, where there is a good deal of it, and feels just as a person does when he takes laughing gas, and suffers no more pain. Perhaps!

☞ Copious showers have fallen recently in England, which, alternating with sunshine, have greatly improved the prospects of the growing crops.

☞ A verdant waiter on a Pullman excursion car, the other day, attempted to fill the water tank through the ventilator at the top of the car. The occupants of the car were unexpectedly treated to a shower bath, to the great detriment of linen and broadcloth.

☞ A statue of Guttenberg, of green bronze, which stands in the court-yard of the Imperial printing office at Paris, was struck by lightning recently and turned completely white.

☞ An English countess, who made the acquaintance of some American girls on the Continent, is said by the Revolution to have expressed great astonishment at the fineness and costliness of their underclothes. She did not believe that the cambrics, linen, and laces of the Princess Royal exceeded in value those worn by our American girls.

☞ The London Lancet reports that the mental and bodily vigor of Mr. Bright are completely restored.

☞ The Austrian official journals contradict all reports of the interference of Austria in the pending difficulty between France, Prussia, and Spain, and they declare that Austria will not, under any circumstances, participate in the controversy.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

American Slang.

The utter ignorance of the English of the signification of American slang expressions, often causes some curious scenes between them and Yankee buyers in England, who seem to think that because their language generally is understood, all their American idioms will be. An expert buyer, junior partner in one of our large American firms, at a recent visit to his correspondent in an English manufacturing city, was complimented by the senior partner of the house, who insisted on personally showing goods to the American purchaser.

"There, sir," said Dowlas, throwing out a roll of goods, "what do you think of that?"

"Oh, that's played out," said the American.

"It's what?" said Bull.

"It's played, I tell you," said his customer.

"Played—ah! really—we call it *plad* h'yar in England; but this is'nt plad—you know."

"No," said the Yankee, "I don't mean *plad*. I mean ter say it's gone up."

"Oh, no," said the Britisher, "not at all; it has not gone up; quite to the contrary. We have taken off from the price."

"Over the left; its three pence too high now."

"No doubt of it; but our neighbors, you know, on the left, are not manufacturers, you know."

"Very likely, but I don't care to be 'stuck' when I get home."

"Really—most extraordinary. Is it as dangerous in New York as the newspapers say?"

"Yes, but I don't want these goods. I've got some already that will 'knock the spots out of 'em.'"

"But, my dear, there's no spots on the goods, I assure you. They are perfect."

"Well, well; suppose we 'switch off' on these goods and try something else."

"Certainly!" and the Englishman, to the infinite amusement of the American's friends, called a clerk with a wisp-broom and directed him to "switch off" any dust he could find, while he proceeded to show something else.

"There," said the Englishman triumphantly spreading out another fabric. "There's the 'andsomest piece of goods in England—'arf a guinea a yard."

"I can't see it!" said his customer.

"Can't see it! Why you are looking right straight at it. However, suppose you try the light of this window."

"No, I don't mean that," said the American. "I haven't got the stamps for such goods."

"Stamps! No stamps required but a bill stamp, which we are happy to furnish."

This misunderstanding might have continued longer, had not one of the younger members of the house, seeing his senior's perplexity, rescued the "Yank," and "put him through" after the manner of his countrymen.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

A Boston correspondent assures us that the following, one of the many funny anecdotes that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, people tell of Mr. Webster, has not appeared in print.

During Mr. Webster's residence in that city, in his younger days, there was a furniture-dealer, named Judkins, doing business in the town, who was a very well-informed as well as ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster, who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture.

These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. W., were the delight of Mr. Judkins's life: and on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. Judkins, was willingly left for future payment. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally, Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage-ride, and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets.

"Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell.

"Yes, but he cannot possibly be seen."

"But I must see him."

"No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen—they are dining."

Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man.

"Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over."

The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the importunate stranger's name to his master. Fancy the surprise of Mr. Judkins at seeing Mr. Webster rushing up-stairs and insisting upon the poor man's joining his friends at the dinner-table. He would take no denial, and carried him forcibly almost, introducing him as "my old and dear friend, Mr. Judkins, of Portsmouth," and seating him between a distinguished Bostonian and the Secretary of the Navy; and, to use the words of the worthy cabinet-maker. "I was for four mortal hours just as good as anybody; my opinion was asked on a good many subjects, and they all seemed to think I knew a good deal. I was invited to visit them, and to go to Washington, and everybody asked me to drink with them; and, by George! I made up my mind to never ask for my bill again. I was a poor man, and needed my money, but I had been treated as I never expected to be treated in this world, and I was willing to pay for it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Novel Stratagem.

On one occasion John Randolph resorted to a curious and novel stratagem to gain the attention of the House. After midnight, when most of the members had composed themselves to sleep as best they might, Randolph began to utter a disconnected farrago of long words, appropos to nothing in the universe. Gradually the House awoke and looked with wondering eyes upon the orator, supposing him mad. His purpose thus answered, he turned suddenly on an honest Dutch member from New York, who never ventured anything more than a zealous yea or nay; pointed his slow unmoving finger at him, and cried, in his shrill, deliberate tones—"And now, Mr. Speaker, the honorable gentleman from New York denies the truth of what I have been saying!" "Good gracious!" sputtered forth the mystified Dutchman; "Mr. Speaker, I have done nothing of the kind!" The House, now thoroughly aroused, shook with inextinguishable laughter.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

VISITOR.—"Well, George, and what do you mean to be, when you have grown up?"
GEORGE (promptly).—"An artist!"
VISITOR.—"Well, then, you shall paint my portrait."
GEORGE.—"Ah! but I mean to paint *pretty* things!"

Beecher's Prayer-Meeting.

At the Plymouth Church prayer-meeting, Brooklyn, on a recent Friday evening, one of the speakers who followed Mr. Beecher's opening remarks, occupied himself with an incoherent recitation of detached passages from the epistles and other Scriptures, tied together with a good variety of conjectives. After this exercise had proceeded at some length, to the evident fatigue of the congregation, the well-meaning but voluble exhorter was interrupted by Mr. Beecher with "Be brief, brother, be brief; there are others waiting to speak, and we have the whole Bible here with us, you know," saying which he laid his hand upon the open volume at his side. Scarcely disconcerted, the brother undertook a reply, in which he alluded to a previous occasion when, affirming that he had been living without sin, Mr. Beecher had remarked that he thought "he ought to have been in heaven long ago." At this reminiscence of an old rebuke, Mr. Beecher was moved to administer another, saying, "I think so still!" The brother sat down amidst a general audible smile.—*Congregationalist.*

He Forgot to Groan.

It is well remembered by army officers that of the various delicacies distributed by the civilian delegates of the several commissions and relief agencies the major part was obtained by a class of patients who made the most noise, and not by those who were sickest.

It was after Gettysburg, when the corps hospital was crowded with wounded, that, while dressing a slight wound, the patient suddenly started up, as a delegate of the Christian Commission passed the tent, and asked, "Warn't that a Christian?" "Yes." "Jove! but *I forgot to groan!* Well, that's the first one of them I've missed yet. *I wonder what he had?*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Education of Girls.

We spoke just now of bringing up our girls to stand *alone;* but even more than for her whose fate is a single life, is a high class of education necessary for her who is to become a wife and a mother. The men of the twentieth century are literally in the hands of us who are bringing up the girls of the nineteenth. No sovereignty can be so complete as that of the mother over her boy, till he reaches a certain age. Her way of thinking, her way of speaking, her way of acting, form the standard to which he brings everything in himself and in the world around him. He sees with her eyes, and hears with her ears; his very heart beats in unison with hers. When he goes out into the world this power is of course weakened, nay, sometimes, in the hour of passion or of pleasure, it almost, for a while, dies out. But sooner or later that old influence will re-awaken within him, and the perhaps dead mother will through memory again reign in the heart and mind of her son. Thus it comes to pass that his mother colors, in general, more or less, a man's whole life. This is why almost all great men have had great mothers. This is why the unfolding of not one single blossom "in the rosebud garden of girls" can be looked on as a matter of slight import to the world.

Again, what is so much the shaper of a man's story as the mind of his wife? If she is ambitious for him, he is ambitious for himself. If, out of a selfish wish to keep him at her side, she lulls him into idleness, he becomes a useless member of society. If she is an agreeable companion, he stays at home. If she is frivolous, and can talk about nothing but lace and ribbons, he goes to his club. She strikes the moral and religious key-note of the whole family. We may then judge whether it is necessary to give our girls breadth and firmness of character, and to make them something more than pretty pieces of furniture in their husband's house.

With regard to the ideas concerning marriage which we would instil into our girls, they appear to us very simple, though the chaperones of a London season seem to be trying to make them very complicated. We should teach them that love is the only lawful forger of the matrimonial chain. We should tell them that money, and station, and convenience often come forward to perform that office, but that they are only mortal pretenders to the rights of an immortal. We know that this style of teaching will not be by any means approved of by a certain class of fashionable mammas. But we cannot help that. We have seen so much misery in the world around us, arising from ill-assorted marriages, that we should wish to write this part of our doctrine into the hearts of our girls with a pen of adamant. We like to see girls brought up with quite as high feelings about honor as boys. We cannot bear to hear it said that a lady's promise may be broken, or that a lady may tell an untruth with impunity. We cannot fancy a greater insult to the moral worth of a woman than this, and we would earnestly beg all mothers and school-mistresses to keep such words from the ears of their daughters and pupils. This, and the breadth of feeling and thought we have dwelt upon, are the two parts of boys' education which, at present, it seems to us most necessary to borrow for the education of girls. A very bright day is certainly dawning upon the intellectual part of woman. We do not wish—like our American contemporaries, who walk about in coat and waistcoat—to see women unsexed. They are different from men, though their equals. But we do wish to see it made easy to woman to perform always creditably, often brilliantly, her share in the work of the world.—*English paper.*

Dividing the Profits.

John Quill tells of a man who planted potatoes and waited for the flowers to ripen into fruit, until the whole crop rotted in the ground. He was told that he should have dug the potatoes up soon after they flowered. He cherished this advice, and tried it on a crop of tomatoes next year, rooting it all up on the first sight of a flower. Of course he didn't make a fortune in that line. But we heard of a smart Dutchman out West—the story is old, but just as good as new—who bought a farm, and hired a Yankee to run it on shares. After a good deal of haggling they agreed that they should divide profits thusly—the Dutchman to receive the "tops" and the Yankee the "bottoms" for the first year.

The Dutchman looked forward hopefully for a large yield of wheat, rye, oats, cabbage, salad, celery, and other good things that rise above the ground; and he kind of chuckled in the thought that he had taken in the Yankee. He didn't laugh so much when he saw a splendid crop of beets, onions, potatoes, radishes, turnips and all such things, the "tops" of which didn't amount to much. The Yankee took to his share naturally and kindly without complaint. The Dutchman insisted that next year he would take the "bottoms." "All right," says Jonathan, "I'll take the 'tops.'" "Allers recht," echoed the other; but when he saw nothing but cabbages, salad, celery, pumpkins, squashes, wheat, rye, and oats coming up, he swore, in high Dutch and dodgeon, that next year he would have both "tops" and "bottoms" and "vool de Yankee, yet, py tamn." Jonathan, however, was too cute again, as he planted, for the third year, only Indian corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, &c., of which he gave the Dutchman the "tops" and "bottoms" and kept the "middles" for himself. The last we heard of the members of that firm, after it was dissolved, was that the Yankee was running the farm on his own hook, and the Dutchman was keeping a lager-beer saloon in the next village.

Carrier Pigeons.

Carrier pigeons would prove invaluable to have on board of sea-faring crafts, so that in case of any serious accident they might be despatched as harbingers to notify the friends of those on board of the danger. It would prove far more valuable than throwing overboard letters inclosed in bottles. Had the steamer "City of Boston," which left New York city in February last, and whose fate is involved in so much mystery, been furnished with a few of these birds, the anxiety of the friends of those on board would have been greatly relieved of the uncertainty attached thereto, and the manner in which she was lost would now have been generally known. It is not too late yet to inaugurate this mode of transmitting messages, and we hope, ere long, to chronicle the fact that steamship companies have adopted the suggestion here given and made a practical application of the same for humanity's sake. The letter or message desired to be sent by these birds is written upon thin, light paper and rolled up the size of a goose-quill and fastened between two of the tail feathers, where it is secured by a piece of fine binding wire, which is pushed into the shafts of both feathers and securely fastened, so that the bird carries it without the least inconvenience. The flight of these birds is very rapid, they having been known to fly two thousand miles in seven days. Assistance might even be sent to the shipwrecked sometimes if those at home were thus swiftly warned.

AGRICULTURAL.

Early Made Hay.

The practice of beginning to cut the grasses as soon as they are fairly in blossom, is rapidly gaining favor. This favored time comes to many fields in this latitude from the middle to the last of June. With the improved implements of hay making—the horse mower, rake, and tender—it is not difficult now for the farmer to gather all his hay crop at the time when it makes the most nutritious fodder. The early cured grass does not give so heavy a yield of hay to the acre at one cutting, and the same bulk will not weigh so much as the grass cured two or three weeks later. But very careful experiments show that the hay thus treated is much more nutritious; it is relished better by all kinds of neat stock, and nothing is left in the manger. This tender, sweet hay, is particularly important for sheep and young stock in winter. If it does not bring so much in market or at the stables, at least the hay that is retailed for home use, should be early cut. It does not exhaust the soil so much, as where the seeds are allowed to mature. If the ground is very rich, it allows of a second cutting in August. If not, it makes a heavy after math and shelters the roots of grasses in the winter. The practice so increasing among our reflecting farmers, which is pretty good evidence that it is safe to follow.—*American Agriculturist.*

Cleanse Your Premises.

The warm weather is here, and it behooves every citizen to cleanse his premises of all offensive matter in order that they may become pure and healthy. There is no doubt at all that a great deal of the sickness visiting families proceeds from filthy cellars, sinks, yards, out-houses, styes, &c. These things are neglected by many, as are other duties, from pure thoughtlessness, while others never dream of paying any attention to them. There are several remedies for this most unhealthy condition of things that can be easily applied. The first is to put one pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc in one bucketful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another bucketful of water, add and sprinkle over decayed vegetable matter. For this purpose nothing surpasses it; indeed it is a perfect deodoriser. The second is to take four pounds of sulphate of iron or copperas and dissolve it in a bucketful of water. This will in most cases prove a sure remedy in destroying all offensive odors. The third is to take simple chloride of lime and sprinkle in damp cellars, over heaps of filth, dirty yards, &c. All these can be had at the druggist's, and as prices go are not dear.

The labor of cleansing one's premises by either one of these remedies is trifling, and the expense is not worth mentioning. If it were ten times greater, both the labor and expense should be willingly incurred.—*Maine Farmer.*

A Rose Hedge.

The Gardener's Chronicle says:—"There is in the gardens of F. Pryor, Esq., of Digswell, Welwyn, England, a rose hedge about two hundred and eighty feet long. This hedge skirts one of the principal walks in the kitchen garden. The hedge was originally a row of half standards, of which the crimson Boursault formed the mass; this row was afterwards trellised over with wire to the height of about four feet six inches, and four feet in width at the bottom. Many of the original trees were then removed, and some of the best of the old and well known sorts were planted in their place. They have all since been grown on the 'extensive system.' Plenty of wood is left in, and this is tied to the trellis, and all vacant spaces are filled by budding. The whole of the row is now completely covered with growth, and literally loaded with blooms in all stages of development. As the trellising can be made to any height or width, the plan cannot be too strongly recommended for furnishing tall or dwarf edgings along the walls of either kitchen or flower gardens, or even to form back rows in ribbon borders; and there is no doubt it would succeed equally well on the outskirts of shrubberies, which sometimes present a very rough appearance near the ground."

Care of Horses' Legs.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on the farms. Much time is spent of a morning rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that in this six thousand year old world of ours, the feet of a horse need more care than the body. They need ten times as much—for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything, if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix, and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally, are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*Rural World.*

To Prevent the Decay of Wood.

An English journal gives the following:—"A process has been discovered for the prevention of the decay of wood. As the result of a five years' experience, a paint is recommended, which at the same time possesses the advantages of being impervious to water. It is composed of fifty parts of tar, five hundred parts of fine white sand, four parts of linseed oil, one part of the red oxide of copper in its native state, and finally, one part of sulphuric acid. In order to manufacture the paint from this multiplicity of materials, the tar, chalk, sand and oil are first heated in an iron kettle; the oxide and acid are then added with a great deal of caution. The mass is very carefully mixed and applied while hot. When thoroughly dry, this paint is as hard as stone."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 1, 5, 3, 17, 4, 18, 33, is a city in New Jersey.
My 6, 18, 7, 10, 12, 42, 19, 37, 40, 45, live in Southern Africa.
My 4, 43, 50, 47, 28, is one who steals.
My 14, 26, 34, 29, is what we all do.
My 20, 18, 39, 35, is what the wind often does.
My 27, 44, 25, 9, 27, was a king in Israel.
My 31, 15, 11, 16, 30, 6, 5, 20, is a state in the Union.
My 35, 8, 31, 24, 13, is a part of every wagon.
My 36, 38, 29, 45, 41, is an animal.
My 39, 52, 51, 49, 39, is not desirable.
My 46, 5, 12, 44, 53, is terror, awe.
My 42, 44, 40, is a domestic animal.

PHILIP.

Charade.

Though once allowed at large to roam,
I'm now confined and kept at home,
To work as though a slave;
When that is done away I go,
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow,
To meet a watery grave.

To know whose work now falls to me,
Take off my head and you will see
Whose back I often ease.
Make one more cut: take off my tail:
What now you see will seldom fail
Your appetite to please.

CLEMENT B. N.

Problem.

If three cats kill three rats in three minutes, how many cats will it take to kill one hundred rats in one hundred minutes?

McKean, Pa. WM. GRANT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

There is a spring in a quadrilateral meadow whose sides are 60, 75, 80, and 100 rods in length respectively. If lines be drawn from the spring to the corners of the meadow it will be divided by them into four equal parts. Required—the distance of the spring from the four corners of the meadow, and the number of acres it contains.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a treadmill like a true convert? Ans.—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

☞ How may a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a shirt and the other pants.

☞ Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Ans.—Because he raises stories.

☞ Jack Johnson has a sister Sophia whom he is always putting into a passion. Now, why, is Jack Johnson like a poker? Ans.—Because he stirs Sophia? This is believed to be the worst riddle extant.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The Heavens declare the glory of God." CHARADE—Massacre. (Mass) (Acre.)

Answers to E. F. M.'s PROBLEM of April 16th—James's fortune, $1,750; John's, $450; and William's $300—E. F. M. James's fortune, $7,624 plus; John's, $2,178 plus; William's, $1,089 plus.—W. C. A. Stevens.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Feb. 19th—first side 500.81 plus rods; second side, 654.91 plus rods; third side, 731.96 plus rods.—D. Diefenbach. 499.5 plus, 653.3 plus, 730.1 plus rods.—H. R. Spink.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of April 23rd—3 3137 plus inches.—Francis M. Priest, A. Rittenhouse, Chas. A. Webb.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of April 30—$914.4576.—D. Diefenbach, A. Rittenhouse.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of March 26th—One and a half gallons, plus one tenth of a pint.—Augustus, A. Rittenhouse.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 14th—13, 14, and 15.—A. Martin, H. R. Spink.

Answers to Diefenbach's PROBLEM of May 14th—The next 25 hours of his travel.—D. Diefenbach, H. R. Spink.

RECEIPTS.

PIE PLANT DUMPLINGS.—We do not know the origin of the following:—"Strip the plant and cut it into pieces of three or four inches long; make a plain crust, and roll enough of the pieces in the crust to make a dumpling about as large as an apple would make it. When you have as many dumplings as you think will suffice for your family, drop them in a pot of hot water, and boil them about a half hour, when they are ready for the table. For a sauce to serve with them, I use one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, and a cup and a half of sugar, boiled together. If boiled long enough it will be thick and rich enough without anything else added, but if I am in a hurry and cannot wait for much boiling, I thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with sweet cream stirred into it."

OCHRA AND TOMATOES.—Take an equal quantity of each, slice the former and skin the latter; put into a pan without water, adding a lump of butter, an onion chopped fine, some pepper and salt, and stew them one hour.

TOMATO BUTTER.—10 lbs. skinned and squeezed tomatoes, 6 lbs. brown sugar, 10 cents worth powdered allspice, do. cloves, 1 quart of vinegar, Boil these together till thick.

PEACH KERNELS.—Crack the stones, take out and scald the kernel to take off the skin; put them into wine for use.

ROSE FLAVOR.—Put rose leaves into wine for use.

CORN PUDDING.—Grate ears of green corn; add to a quart of it a teacupful of cream or milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all well together; put it in a dish and bake an hour and a half. To be eaten as a vegetable with butter, pepper and salt.

MOLASSES POUND CAKE.—Flour 1½ lbs., sugar ½ lb., 1 teacup of molasses, 4 eggs, ½ lb. butter, a tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice. Mix the butter and sugar, then the spices, then a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teacup and a half of milk, then the flour and eggs.